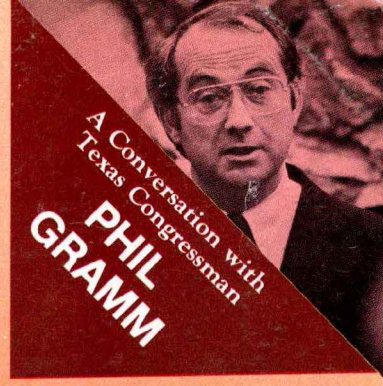
THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

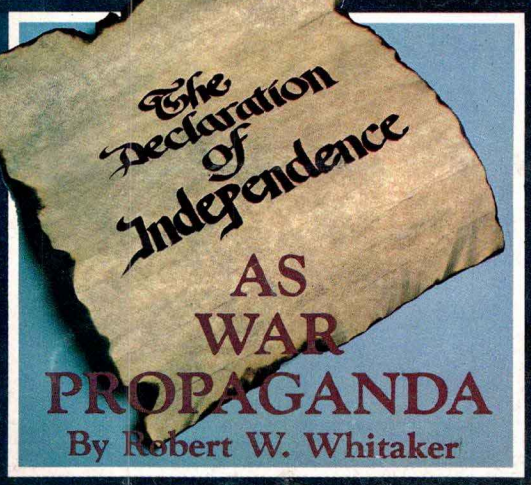
VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3 SUMMER 1983



A Conversation with Texas Congressman
PHIL GRAMM

The Truth About Jefferson Davis

by Robert McHugh



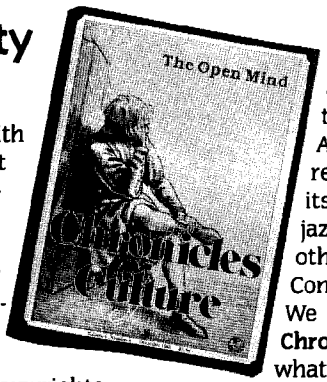
ALSO INSIDE:

Bill Koon on Pat Conroy
Guy Brown on Mencken
Cleanth Brooks on the Prayer Book
And More .

AT LAST, A JOURNAL OF OPINION THAT'S DECIDEDLY NON-LIBERAL

"IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO WATCH LEOPOLD TYRMAND AND THE CHRONICLES OF CULTURE CONFRONT—A LA ORWELL—THE SMELLY LITTLE ORTHODOXIES OF OUR TIME."—TOM WOLFE

Here's your opportunity to read a copy—free!



Imagine! A journal of opinion that begins with that fresh perspective, and then goes about the business of reviewing, criticizing, essaying each month—in little danger of fraternizing with other magazines.

In each issue of **Chronicles**, we invite our readers **to think along with us** as we puncture the pompous ideas—and old-idea repeaters—of our time.

Everywhere one turns, liberal writers, playwrights, reviewers, editors and such are gushing over the most mediocre of themes—and each other.

Flaming liberals, doused monthly.

Alas, liberalism's leading product is the gaseous re-oxygenation of old, trite, tried-and-compromised ideas.

To stand aside virtually guarantees that the most noxious of dull material will be revived by an adoring Liberal Media Establishment.

Thus, our mission is clear. Every month, we shall drench these disseminators of fiery nonsense with unrelenting observations and critique.

Too many "hurrahs" for average performances.

In an era when the standing ovation is frequently offered for the most desultory performances—on stage, on film or on paper—we feel bound to cast a somewhat more critical eye than the mass media critics.

The Liberal Follies, exposed.

Another theme that delights our readers in every issue:

Our examination of what passes today for **Liberal Culture**.

We lace each issue of **Chronicles** with vignettes culled from the self-important follies-creators of our time. And our editors take some satisfaction in commenting on the absurdities and ironies of liberal attitudes.

At last, there exists a magazine **worth** reading for its originality, its zest, its willingness to examine books, film, jazz, theater, politics, the press and other institutions with no concern for Consensus or Conventional Wisdom.

We invite you to read the next issue of **Chronicles of Culture** free. If you like what you read, we welcome you as one of our regular subscribers. But you deserve a free sampling before your final decision.

Simply forward the enclosed Subscription Request and Free Issue Offer coupon. But do it today, so we may send you our freshest issue immediately.

If you are **decidedly non-liberal** in outlook, we believe you will find what we have to say—and how we have to say it in the pages of **Chronicles of Culture**—exactly what you have been looking for!

Chronicles of Culture
934 North Main Street • Rockford, Illinois 61103

I wish to judge **Chronicles of Culture** for myself. Enroll me as a potential subscriber and send me your current issue free.

☐ Bill me for $18.00 (12 monthly issues). If I'm not satisfied with my first issue I'll write "cancel" on the invoice and return it unpaid. No further obligation on my part.

☐ Check for $18.00 is enclosed. Please start my subscription now.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Chronicles of Culture T8321

NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

A Publication of the Foundation for American Education

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 3 SUMMER 1983

FEATURES

The Truth About Jefferson Davis

After the fall of the Confederate government, President Davis endured brutal treatment but was neither broken nor embittered by it. Arrested and punished without charge or trial, he never lost his faith in the rule of constitutional law. In this year that marks the 175th anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, Robert McHugh sets straight the record on an extraordinary man..10

THE PARTISAN CONVERSATION

Phil Gramm has been called a maverick, a boll weevil and even that most despised of all things in Washington, a Southern conservative. He is all that and more as we find in our *Partisan* conversation with the Texas straight-shooter. 30

THE DECLARATION AS WAR PROPAGANDA

ROBERT WHITAKER reminds us that white lies are often used, even by the good guys, in times of war. In writing the Declaration of Independence, old Tom Jefferson told a couple that he never dreamed would be taken quite so seriously. 16

GOD, GALLOP, AND THE EPISCOPALIANS

CLEANTH BROOKS mourns the passing of the beautiful old Book of Common Prayer and suggests that the chic movement to democratize religion is both undemocratic and illiterate. 22

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE RECONSIDERED

MICHAEL JORDAN nominates (of all people) the sage of Salem, as an honorary Southern partisan. 26

H. L. MENCKEN AND THE SOUTH

GUY BROWN tells us that Mencken's *Sahara* was the new, not the old, South. Actually, Mencken was drubbing Yankees, the true enemies of culture. 34

NATHANIEL MACON

BOYD CATHEY launches our "Restoration Series" by rescuing from undeserved obscurity the great Nathaniel Macon. 37

REGULARS

THE COLUMNS:

A Partisan View: Richard Quinn on the purloined Carter papers. 4

On The Right Track: W.D. Workman on the bizarre collection of recent Supreme Court decisions. 50

From Confederate Memorial Hall: John Hurley on Washington as Jefferson Davis knew it. 51

The Last Word: Reid Buckley on ethics of rhetoric on the abortion issue. 52

THE DEPARTMENTS:

Letters ..... 2 Obiter Dicta ..... 6 Capitols Report 5

The Way It Was .... 39 *Partisan* Dictionary .. 9 Booknotes 48

CRITICUS

BILL KOON wonders whether Pat Conroy can find his way home through all that money. 40

TOM LANDESS on M.E. Bradford as theologian. 43

HARRY HOPE on virtues of Southern country living. 44

NORMAN STEWART on fantasy in the movies. 46

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

A Publication of the Foundation for American Education

President and Publisher
Charles Scott Hamel

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Richard M. Quinn

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Richard T. Hines

SENIOR EDITORS
Guy Story Brown
F. Reid Buckley
Thomas H. Landess
Robert W. Whitaker
W.D. Workman, Jr.

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Ruth LeJeune Quinn

ART DIRECTOR
Ed Crosby

RESEARCH DIRECTOR
Nancy Chapman Stoddard

EDITORIAL ADVISORS AND CONTRIBUTORS
Donald Baldwin
Cleanth Brooks
Boyd Cathey
Allison Dalton
Robert Drake
John P. East
William Gill
Rod Gragg
Michael Jordan
Russell Kirk
Bill Koon
Andrew Lytle
Robert McHugh
John Douglas Minyard
Vernon D. Schrader

Partisan Letters

The Alternative

Gentlemen:

...*The Southern Partisan* is the greatest thing to come out of the South since grits and red-eye gravy.

What a delightful alternative your magazine is to the Yankee biased *Civil War Times, Illustrated!* I did not renew my subscription to the latter earlier this year because of its ever increasing anti-South bias.

Let me especially commend Richard Quinn on his article, "Reflections on the Battle Flag." This is the most enlightening and comprehensive synopsis I have ever read on this controversy....That grand old Battle Flag will wave forever in the hearts of all true Southern patriots.

I anxiously await the next issue.

Your obedient servant,
E.M. Moore, Jr., Adjutant
Camp 1268
16th South Carolina Regiment
Sons of Confederate Veterans
Greenville, South Carolina

Very Conservative

Gentlemen:

I'm breaking my recent rule to cut down on magazines. I have just cancelled my subscription to what was *Sandlapper* which I had taken since its first issue. So this is my substitute!

When I called our local newsstand to get a copy of *The Southern Partisan*, I was told I'd have to write you for it and the clerk added, "It's *very* conservative" and I answered, "And so am I."

Sincerely,
Mrs. David J. Watson
Clemson, South Carolina

Missouri's Price

Gentlemen:

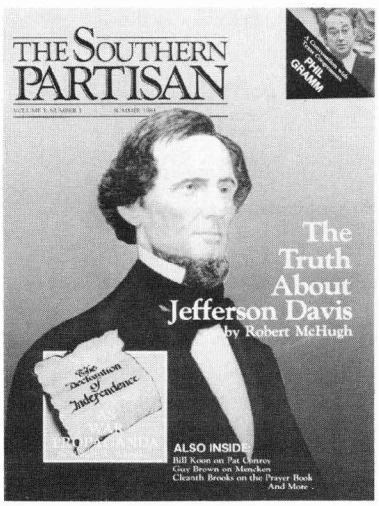
Mark Tapscott's "Farewell to Coach 'Bear' Bryant" has left me in a state of utter bewilderment, and I simply cannot remain silent.

Of course, I am not writing to express my dissatisfaction with a very fitting tribute to a very great man. Aside from being an alumnus of Louisiana State University, I had, and indeed still do have, the utmost respect for Mr. Bryant. Bear Bryant's gridiron warriors commanded respect of us Tigers, if not necessarily our undying affection. I am writing to express my dismay over reference to "Arkansas' General Sterling Price."

General Sterling Price, my friends, was a Missourian. Not only did he serve his country during the War, but he had previously served his state, Missouri, as its Governor.

Missouri has had more than its share of great generals. Sterling Price, John S. Marmaduke, Joseph O. Shelby, M. Jeff Thomas, John J. Pershing and Omar Bradley are pretty good company. I suppose it is for that reason that Missourians are not greedy and would be happy to share General Price with our neighbors to the south, just as we did during his lifetime....

Sincerely,
Sam Story, Jr.
Alexandria, Virginia



Cover Note:

Our cover portrait of President Davis was photographed from an original oil painted by an unidentified artist. The portrait was commissioned by an admiring Washington family when Davis was Secretary of War in the Pierce administration. The original now hangs at the Confederate Memorial Hall in Washington.

Rates/Manuscripts/Correspondence: The annual subscription rate is $12.00 with a single issue price of $3.00. Subscribers in Canada and Mexico should add $4.00 to the annual rate ($1.00 to the single issue rate). All other foreign subcribers should add $8.00 to the annual rate ($2.00 to the single issue rate).

Please address all correspondence, including letters to the editor, to *The Southern Partisan*, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. We welcome unsolicited manuscripts but cannot guarantee their return unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the publisher or the editors.

The Southern Partisan: is published quarterly by the Foundation for American Education, a non-profit educational foundation. Copyright 1983 by the Foundation for American Education/*Southern Partisan*. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part in any language without written permission of *The Southern Partisan* magazine is prohibited.

The *Southern Partisan Quarterly Review* was founded in 1979 by Tom Fleming of McClellanville, South Carolina, who published two issues. The magazine was later purchased by the Foundation for American Education. Publication was resumed under the shorter title, *The Southern Partisan*, in the summer of 1981.

On Banning the Flag at Ole Miss

Gentlemen:

...one or two of us will write. The others will silently resent it. Thank you for understanding. The carpetbaggers and Snopses have taken over and made a bond with the intolerant ignorant.

Very sorrowfully,
Money Luckett
Clarksdale, Mississippi

Gentlemen:

Richard Quinn was too free with his facts in "Reflections on the Battle Flag" in the spring issue. Ulysses Grant did not exactly wait for the end of the Civil War before freeing "his" slaves while Robert E. Lee freed his in the 1840's. Grant was a Westerner whose family never owned slaves. He married a Southern girl who brought with her three or four slaves. In the pit of his economic disaster as a farmer after the Mexican War, when Grant was reduced to standing on street corners in his old blue army coat hawking cord wood, Grant had the chance to salvage himself by selling his wife's last slave. Instead, he freed the man. That should be honor and character enough for Mr. Quinn.

Grant's wife did keep several slaves throughout the war—none purchased by Grant—because Grant could not deny them to her in her wartime tribulations. Callous as this attitude now appears, it is also reflected in two of the greatest Southerners—Thomas Jefferson and George Washington, both of whom despised slavery but, for their families' sake, freed few before their deaths.

I hate to see Mr. Quinn boost one great man—Lee—by denigrating another—Grant. Lee doesn't need that help, and Grant deserves better consideration.

Cordially,
Steven A. Hardesty
La Paz

Mr. Quinn replies:

It's true, Grant was short on cash when he freed one of his slaves. But the little general was always short on cash, as a result of repeated failures in farming and business. Still, he and his wife insisted on showboating as aristocrats. So freeing his body servant was more an act of pride than a statement against slavery. In fact, Mr. Grant never wrote or uttered a single word that even hinted disapproval of slavery.

Mr. Hardesty is not correct in saying Grant never personally owned slaves. First, his wife's slaves were his by marriage. Also, Grant himself purchased a slave named William Jones. Grant liked Jones because (at 5 foot, seven) they were both the same height. Grant also later purchased a Mexican servant named Gregorio whose main purpose in the household was to amuse Grant and his guests with lariat tricks.

In a letter to his father, Grant expressed his feelings clearly and in a manner consistent with his stature. He hoped that the North would win the war, he wrote, so that "The nigger will never disturb this country again."

Grant was a prideful little vulgarian who, though he became President, never amounted to much. He compares with General Lee not at all.

A Railroad Man

Gentlemen:

Could you identify the location of the photo on p. 30 of the spring, 1983 issue. From the name on the depot it is obvious that the building is one of those characteristic purple-and-white structures of the Atlantic Coast Line R.R. Also obvious is that the scene is pretty far south—witness the open-air freight shed attached to the depot.

The freight car nearest the camera is an old-time perishable produce car with double doors: one with ventilating slats for warm weather and one made of solid lumber for use when fruits and vegetables were shipped to markets in less temperate climes. The A.C.L. Railroad called these "watermelon cars."

One can see that the town pictured is not on the main line from Virginia down to Jacksonville because there is only a single track here. Even so, the town looks fairly prosperous with a passenger schedule board and a Western Union sign on the depot. The only thing lacking in this unmistakably Southern scene is the station name.

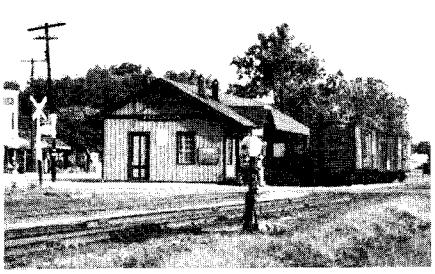
Sincerely,
E.R. Conner, III
Catharpin, Virginia

Dear Sir:

You have a trained eye.

The photo you dissected is reproduced here with the town's name visible. It is Ellenton in South Carolina. The photo was taken around 1950.

—The Editors



The Tragic Era

Gentlemen:

...Everyone wants to write about the South and thinks they can. To me before and during the War Between The States is not the story. It's the 12 or 13 years after that tells the story and make the character of the real Southerner. "The Tragic Era" by Claude G. Bowers spells it out. It was published in 1929 by Riverside Press and put out by "Literary Guild of America." It's not fiction and lies like Alex Haley's *Roots*.

I shall look forward to the next issue.

Yours most sincerely,
Catherine Beilan
Norristown, Pennsylvania

A Credit to Mrs. Davis

Gentlemen:

By omitting the last part of my admittedly long letter, you neglected to inform your readers that the lady who described Mr. Calhoun in such a sprightly fashion was the wife of Jefferson Davis. After all, it was *his* friendship with Calhoun which made hers possible—a fact in which she would be the first to glory. The quotations were from *Jefferson Davis, Ex-President of the Confederate States of America: A Memoir by His Wife.* The phrasing of that title itself has much to say to our disordered age.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Ward S. Allen
Auburn, Alabama

The Rural Philosopher

...On February 11, 1836 (*The Edgefield Advertiser* was founded) to fight for States' Rights. That was when it was about the only paper in the (Carolina) Upcountry... my editorship has been used to try to sustain "Territorial Democracy"...We have lost our American communities—the great tragedy undermining our Republic. My philosophy is rooted in the Jeffersonian concept of the land—the natural environment supporting the natural man in independence and patriotic allegiance—as the source of all freedom, both individual and with respect to nationhood....

Sincerely,
W.W. Mims
Edgefield, South Carolina

NOTE: The author is editor of The Edgefield Advertiser, *a weekly newspaper soon to celebrate its 150th anniversary.*

Partisan View

RICHARD QUINN

The Purloined Papers

The world we live in is crazy enough for anything to happen. The flap surrounding Carter's debate notebook may cause the presidency to come tumbling down. Perhaps Ronald Reagan will be driven from office by an army of angry voters, cheered on by Sam Donaldson, Jody Powell and other upright defenders of public morality. Perhaps. But I don't think so.

First of all, unlike Watergate and Abscam, Cartergate somehow doesn't scandalize us. Jimmy Carter's notebook strikes no one as a secret blueprint for election victory. It's more like the collected speeches of Gerald Ford: possibly they are available, but who cares?

Also I think we are unscandalized because of the reek of hypocracy that rises and hangs above Washington like a polluted cloud. Who can forget Sam Donaldson at the June presidential press conference, his eyes gleaming, a trace of a smile on his face: "But Mr. President, you haven't answered the question. Was it *right* for you to use those papers?" How ironic to hear this question from a man whose career (like all other reporters in the room) is based on the use for profit of information that has been stolen, leaked or in someway obtained without legitimate authority.

The next time Sam Donaldson is handed a hot document from a mole (correction: a source) in the government on, say, a policy decision in El Salvador, do you think he will say: "Sir, did the State Department approve the release of this to me? No? Well, then take it from my sight at once." In a pig's eye.

Oh sure, I know it's not the same thing. The incantation of the Public's-Right-To-Know sanctifies the investigative reporter, masking with incense the true smell of his tactics. But remember too that the men around Reagan in 1980—some of them—regarded his election as a high cause worth a few sacrifices and a few compromises. So they cribbed Carter's notes. And did Reagan know about it? Probably not. Ronald Reagan never has held authority close. He prefers delegating it. But even if it turns out that Reagan knew something of the Carter papers, no one should be greatly surprised.

I am not happy to report this. But there are only two types of men these days who go far in politics, certainly as far as the Presidency: one is a type whose principles can to some degree be compromised; the other is the type who loses. Ronald Reagan is a winner, the best of the first type. When James Baker came charging in with the purloined Carter papers, Reagan might well have said: "Don't tell me how you got those. I don't want to know." Whereas Lyndon Johnson or Nixon would have delighted over the details.

The range of integrity runs short in the halls of power. We can see the scale slide from the not-so-bad to the not-so-good to the godawful. Like it or not, the system runs on patronage, promises and payola. A few dirty tricks come with the territory.

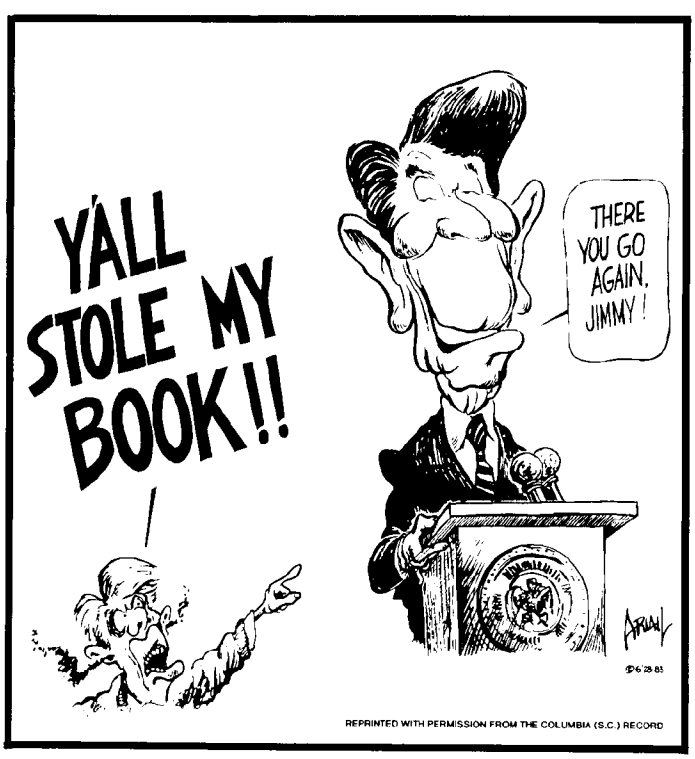
Such dealings are nothing new. In 1688, La Bruyere recognized that "even the best-intentioned of great men need a few scoundrels around them; there are some things you cannot ask an honest man to do." So politics has always attracted snollygosters who angle for profit and power behind the scenes. But until recently they kept their place.

Today, Washington is full of venal men. The clever ones never get caught. The stupid ones generally work for Republicans. But they are all over the place.

So don't let Jody Powell and the Carterites fool you with their sanctimonious expressions of shock and dismay. When that crowd ran Carter for Governor of Georgia in 1970, they buried the opposition in an awful mudslide, including a doctored photo distributed at KKK rallies suggesting that Sanders (Carter's opponent) was too cozy with Negroes. Jody and the boys have been around.

Still, that doesn't excuse the excesses of the people around Reagan. Like all modern politicians, Mr. Reagan hired an assortment of gypsies, technicians, tacticians and a few bums to get him elected in a tough world. Now the President is not merely running a campaign. He is also running our government. So he would be well-advised to take a close look at the apple barrel.

And he should also remember that the game in Washington has funny rules. They never give a conservative an even break. ⊠



Capitol Reports

WILLIAM GILL

William Gill, the new capital correspondent for *The Southern Partisan*, is a public affairs counselor in Washington. His books include *The Ordeal of Otto Otepka* and *Why Reagan Won: The Conservative Movement 1964-1981*. To introduce himself, Mr. Gill has filed the following brief philosophical statement.

The Soul Of The Southern Tradition

As the new Washington correspondent for *The Southern Partisan*, I will commence with a confession: I was born in the North. Nonetheless, I have instructed my attorney, a most honorable Virginian, that when I die he is to see to it that I am buried in that national cemetery at Gettysburg as close as he can possibly get me to the high water mark of the Confederacy.

These instructions are based on conviction—the firm conviction that the American South is one of the last places left on earth where the true soul of Western Civilization is consciously nurtured and honored.

And what, you ask, *is* the true soul of Western Civilization? Of the Southern Tradition?

Perhaps the Tradition was already at work when bravery, cunning and determination kept the ancient Greeks fighting after the defeat at Thermopylea to prevail at Marathon and Salamis, protecting Europe from the despotic Persians who represented the utter subordination of the individual to the state.

It may be too much to say that Western Civilization and the Southern Tradition were born in ancient Greece. Yet the valor of these proud men established a precedent—a *standard*—by which all true Western men, from Leonidas to Lee, lived and died.

This standard, this brave banner, this subordination of self to the higher interests of God and Country propelled the West into a position of distinction in the world.

Did the Tradition die at Appomattox? I think not, though the terrible casualties suffered on both sides in the War Between the States thinned out the real blood of America. Thereafter we see an accelerating erosion of the values upon which our nation and Western Civilization had been built.

This same tradition of the transcendent spirit caused Robert E. Lee twice to mount major invasions of the North, knowing the overwhelming odds against the Confederacy, but knowing too that the South could not hope to win unless it carried the war to the enemy. The spirit is forged in defeat as well as victory, and it impelled Lee to try again after Antietam, and fight on for two years after Gettysburg.

But the soul of the West, of the Southern Tradition, is not mirrored only in great battles, whether won or lost. It is seen in a thousand and one other events, great and small, over centuries.

We see it most brilliantly in Christ on the Cross, giving His life that we might live. We see it in the lives of the early saints, suffering so the Faith came to prevail in Europe. From that Faith and its ancient roots come the discipline required for the survival of the Tradition. It is a Tradition still in evidence in the simple act of a man tipping his hat to a lady, of children showing respect for their parents, of neighbors helping one another. The Tradition created America, transforming an undeveloped continent into a great nation, as millions of people pledged and kept their word in countless transactions from selling a bushel of wheat to constructing skyscrapers. All but a fraction of these transactions, even now, are honored without benefit of written contract, though the trust Americans place in one another is declining noticeably.

The decline in trust, the decline in values, is due in part to the influences of alien forms of despotism, nonstandards or *anti-values* in direct antithesis to those of the West, to the Tradition of the Southland. Iranian fanatics storm our embassy in Teheran and hold Americans captive against all international law. The Soviet masters, in typically despotic fashion, make treaties without any intention of keeping them, their only aim being to gain an advantage over the United States, over the West, so they can advance their slave empire across the face of the earth. Nation after nation succumbs. *Tragically*, one sees the nonvalues of oriental despotism increasingly embraced by the West. This has been apparent for fifty years, since the recognition of the Soviet Union, becoming more obvious at Yalta with the sellout of a hundred million Christians in Eastern Europe to the Communists. We see the decline in hundreds of ways, large and small, as we witness American policy at home and abroad increasingly based, not on honor, but on expediency and greed. Even an honorable President, now that we have one, is alone unable to reverse the trend.

The soul of the Southern Tradition which is synonomous, I hold with the Heart of America. It is, in short, a belief in the transcendence of the spirit, a sense of honor, an unswerving conviction that there *are* things worth fighting for, if need be to the death.

In the end, this belief must prevail over materialism which murders all things of the spirit. In the end, if only a remnant of us holds fast to the Southern Tradition, it will survive. ⊠

Obiter Dicta

Do Declare

One of our editors reports that they're making a movie near his hometown and that half of Hollywood has descended on the place, hauling their techology on huge trucks, jamming the local motels, shouting good-natured obscenities at one another.

Some of the natives are restless of course, but most of them are wild with delight. The whole town has been touched by magic. Names that they've seen for years on marquees suddenly appear in the county newspaper. They run into Charlton Heston every morning, and sometimes it's really Charlton Heston. The streets have been painted brown to look like old-time dirt roads; and the sparkling store fronts have disappeared behind a facade of unpainted barn wood. In a matter of days the whole landscape has undergone a transformation, and soon the place is going to look like the Real South, the one we're all familiar with, the South of Hollywood legend.

So why have they come all the way across country, dragging their equipment and their highly-paid technicians behind them? It's for authenticity, we're told. Good directors don't use old Andy Hardy sets any more when they want to depict the smalltown America of an earlier era. They go on location, because theater audiences demand the Truth, the sight and sound of the Real Thing.

Good for them, but Southerners need an answer to one question: if everyone is so intent on authenticity, then why don't these people ever bother to get their accents right? Let's face it—the Hollywood Southern accent is one of the most inept pieces of stage business in the history of the American theater, and Southerners suffer from it everytime they see a new film about their region or watch a re-run of *Gone with the Wind*. The most authentic sounding character in the great classic is Rhett Butler and only because Clark Gable knew better than to try anything other than his own native brogue. Vivian Leigh and Leslie Howard missed by a mile, and only Olivia de Havilland came close, but that's because she underplayed her role in every respect.

The trouble lies in Hollywood's foolish assumption that there's such a thing as a Southern accent in the first place. There's not, of course, There are dozens of accents in the region, many of which are so different from one another that they don't really sound alike at all. In any single state you can find at least three variations and sometimes many more than that.

So when a producer sets his picture in the bayou country of Louisiana, he ought to make certain that the people talk like bayou people, just as he is careful to have the scenery and the architecture authentic. But at this stage you run into problems.

In the first place, very few actors have an ear for accents, however good they may be at other aspects of their craft. It takes a special kind of ear to hear the subtleties of regional speech.

Then too, Yankee audiences would be genuinely bewildered if they heard the real thing, since they've been used to the stage version for so long. Most of them couldn't understand an East Tennessee mountaineer or a Charlestonian or a genuine Cajun. They wouldn't even know such characters were supposed to be Southern. Nor would they appreciate authenticity if they encountered it. The only character on *Dallas* who sounds anything like a Texan is the young woman who plays Donna Krebs, and she is a native of the area. But people would much rather believe in the improbably drawl of J.R.

For all these reasons don't look for authentic Southern accents in the near future. Such a thing would be downright un-american.

Now, ain't that right, Honey Chile?

The Slaughter Continues

Ten years ago, in *Roe v. Wade*, the Supreme Court ruled permissively on abortion. Since then about 10 million (maybe more; no one is sure) babies have been, ah, what shall we say? Terminated? Interrupted? More than in any other country except Red China.

While all this was going on about 20 states (mostly Southern) placed certain restrictions on abortion, including a combination of the following requirements: (1) that the mother-*not*-to-be be warned of the dangers of abortion, (2) that late term abortions be performed in hospitals, (3) that a brief period of time be given the woman for possible reconsideration and (4) that abortions not be given minors without parental consent (a kind of PG rating). All reasonable you say?

Well, in a blanket reaffirmation of the *Roe* case, the Court struck down all such restrictions, flinging wide the door for uncontrolled abortion-on-demand. "We were deciding a constitutional question," according to Justice Harry Blackmun, "not a moral one." (How is it that the Court eagerly overlooked this delicate distinction a few weeks earlier in the Bob Jones case? Oh well, consistency never has troubled those old buzzards).

And by the way, before we leave the abortion business, there is technological "progress" to report. The old suction method—the powerful vacuum tube that rips the tiny body out the womb piece by piece—is now only one option for the pro-choicers to consider. They can ask instead for the popular new saline system (a heavy concentration of liquid salt first asphixiates the baby; then the chemical dissolves the body). Momma doesn't feel a thing. Unfortunately, however, new studies have shown that the unborn child *does* feel pain, even in the early stages. But then, that's not a constitutional issue is it?

Pro-choice. Women's rights. The Ladies' Clinic. Family Planning. All such nice words and phrases. Old Adolph knew all about that. One agency in the Third Reich charged with exterminating Jews was called (loosely translated) "The Committee for the Scientific Approach to Severe Hereditary

Illness." Then they called another agency—the one whose job was to arrange for mass transit to the death camps—"The Charitable Transport Company for the Sick."

What would we do without euphemisms? Now all the pro-choicers need is a good strong deodorant. And a hand-fan for use in the Hereafter.

On the Death of Herman Kahn

From his perch on the Hudson, Herman Kahn was an expert marksman, an intellectual skeet shooter. For twenty years, as some of the nuttiest ideas in history sailed across the horizon, he would explode them at the top of their arch. He rarely missed.

Mr. Kahn was the doyen of futurists. On nuclear energy, population growth, natural resources, environmental pollution and economic indicators—his calculations and analyses were always based on the best, most current information, handled precisely. You could bank on it.

On July 7 Herman Kahn died at the age of 61. Before he left us alone to deal with our own future, he produced one last book, *The Coming Boom*, in which he projected that the next 50 years will bring the world a period of prosperity unequalled in history if the industrial powers of the West pursue sensible policies. Of course we planned on having him around for awhile longer.

Speaking (as always) of the future in his last interview, Mr. Kahn left a message for Ronald Reagan. Listen to the words of a prophet:

> *Reagan was elected on a platform that appealed to social conservatives, defense conservatives, foreign policy conservatives and economic conservatives. The votes came from the social conservatives; the program came from the last three. But the social conservatives have not been given any program at all, hardly. Reagan has given them maybe one or two speeches. They are getting angry now, and the coalition may break up.*

Herman Kahn specialized in telling us obvious things. He was just the first to realize they were obvious. It was his gift.

—RMQ

Mission Accomplished

A hundred years from now, the people of Poland will still be talking about Pope John Paul II and his triumphant return to his homeland. What we don't know is whether the occasion will be celebrated by a great national holiday in a free Poland, or whether the story will be whispered in loving and terrified secrecy, locked away in the hearts of an enslaved people.

In either case, the Pope gave Poland a gift of great price. He gave them hope, the spark of faith that prevents mortification of the soul no matter what humiliations their keepers subject them to.

As for the rest of us, the Pope shattered a myth that has paralyzed Western foreign policy for a generation, the myth that we must accommodate ourselves to the reality of the Soviet Union. Pope John Paul II looked General Jaruzelski dead in the eye and said: What you do to my people is wrong. You must stop. When he said that, the world changed. It was the moral equivalent of a preemptive nuclear strike. It inflicted a blow from which world communism will not soon recover.

In the aftermath of the Pope's ministry in Poland, it is plain to see why Andropov and the KGB conspired to kill him. Fortunately the Pope's Superior had other plans. We saw them unfold in Warsaw. ⊠

The Scalawag Award

Our summer Scalawag goes to William Bradford Reynolds, Assistant Attorney General in the Reagan Administration, whose recent march through Mississippi in lock-step with Jesse Jackson represents yet another loud *click* in the game of Russian roulette Mr. Reagan is playing with his Southern base vote.

Brad Reynolds was represented in the press as choked with emotion. He had, according to *The Washington Post*, "caught the spirit of Jesse Jackson" (a malady which caused him *post haste* to dispatch a team of federal registrars to take over the state's voter registration program).

In all the press surrounding, Mr. Reynolds' highly publicized tour, nowhere did we see or hear a trace of specific evidence to support the charge of illegal voter registration. There were only vague suggestions that local authorities wouldn't freely allow "satellite registration," as if it is a federal responsibility to give organizational assistance to the bag men at PUSH. Jesse Jackson, who has always sounded like a third world dictator (and is now beginning to dress like one) will not, of course, embrace Ronald Reagan's re-election campaign, no matter how earnestly Brad Reynolds sings "We Shall Overcome." Reagan's political advisors know that.

The idea is to ingratiate the Administration to Northern whites by using the South as a stage upon which the President's men can act out their racial concern for all to see. And as for Southern conservatives? As one Reagan hot-shot put it: "Where can they go?"

They can, of course, go fishing. And that would be bad news indeed for the President in an election that will be won or lost by the turnout percentages.

PROCLAIM YOUR HERITAGE

An association of male descendants of the Confederate Veterans of the War Between the States, not less than sixteen years of age.

"To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will submit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history..."

Lt. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, CSA

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

For membership information write:
Dr. William D. McCain
Southern Station, Box 5164
Hattiesburg, MS 39401

SPECIAL COMMENTARY

The Bob Jones University Decision

On May 24, 1983 The United States Supreme Court ruled that the Internal Revenue Service was justified in denying tax-exempt status to private universities whose policies were deemed disciminatory, even when those politics were based on "sincerely held religious beliefs."

In the case of Bob Jones University, the school's administration prohibited interracial dating, based on their interpretation of the Bible. The issue before the Court turned not on the theological merit of the practices at Bob Jones but rather on whether the government should abandon the founding American tradition of religious tolerance in favor of extending protection only to those institutions whose practices comply with federal public policy. The school's tax-exempt standing was denied by a vote of 8-1. The sole dissenter was Justice William Rehnquist.

Here are some reflections on the impact of that decision.

The Ideological Crusade

Every time the United States Supreme Court is in session good men lie awake and worry, and every morning they peer at the newspaper headlines with fear and trembling. Some mornings the news is of other matters—murders, rapes, wars—and everyone breathes a sigh of relief. Then one day their worst fears are realized: the Court has handed down another decision. It's always worse than they thought. Invariably the court decrees—in that awful sociological rhetoric it seems determined to use—that parallel lines do indeed meet under certain conditions or that the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is one thing in Massachusetts and quite another in South Carolina.

SPECIAL TO THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

"LET US PREY"

So I'm really not surprised at what happened to Bob Jones University. What in heaven's name did they expect, given the recent history of the question?

Under the present philosophy, of course, we no longer have separation of powers but rather a hierarchy in which the executive and legislative branches are subordinate to the judiciary. The time will come—must come—when the courts will be challenged finally and wholeheartedly by the executive and legislative branches. When that moment arrives the courts will either have to back down, or we will have another constitutional convention.

What makes this decision just a little scarier than most is the involvement of the IRS—surely the most fearsome agency in the federal bureaucracy. If those folks start on an ideological crusade we're all in a heap of trouble, because the courts have denied them absolutely nothing over the past five decades. Case after case has been adjudicated in their favor, largely, I suspect, because most have involved big corporations and other high rollers, whose money the government wants in order to pay for more and more social programs.

But there is one additional type of case that the IRS has habitually won in contests before the federal courts: those involving alleged discriminatory practices, and Bob Jones University is simply the latest of their victims. Look for more in the near future. Ultimately this court is going to rule that all church-sponsored and church-related activities are contrary to public policy, and the IRS may well be the plaintiff in their landmark case. Meanwhile, President Reagan might do something to stem this tide. But his appointee didn't do too well on this one, did she?

—THL

Tempus Fugit

In *Conscience of a Conservative,* Senator Goldwater attacked *Brown vs. Board of Education,* pointing out that the Congress (whose intent was being interpreted) had established segregated schools in the District of Columbia. In 1963, as a candidate for the presidency, Goldwater repudiated that position.

Now, other conservatives do not merely praise, but recite hymns to the *Brown* decision. Nowhere can one find more monomaniacal praise for it than in anti-abortion literature, with the possible exception of the anti-busing material.

If one accepts the *Brown* decision as Constitutional, one must accept its implication: federal courts interpret nothing. They *are* the Constitution. So the Constitution decided against Bob Jones by an 8-1 vote. Ritualistically, conservatives will protest. Then they will check their watches and move on.

—*RWW*

Another One For The Bureaucracy

The Supreme Court decision on Bob Jones was followed by another significant decision: the Court ruled against the so-called "legislative veto" by means of which the Congress has monitored the actions of the executive branch.

Further testing of the decision on legislative veto is likely to be manifest in the days ahead as Congess seeks to regain (or to retain) power. But in the Bob Jones case, the issue may have been finally settled by the court in the absence of public reaction. Taken together, there is an unhappy consistency in the two decisions. In both cases, the victor was the federal bureaucracy, whose rule-making powers are now stronger than ever.

Bob Jones III has made it abundantly clear that the institution he presides over does not plan on retreating from its position. Indeed, it is probable that the controversy will generate increased concern over religious freedom.

Meanwhile, it behooves all Americans to stand guard over their religious as well as their political freedom, now that the Supreme Court has disclosed its intentions.

—*WDW*

Gross Abuse

Bob Jones University v. United States sets dangerous precedents in law. Justices Powell and Rehnquist (in their criticism of the majority) point to the most disturbing result: this gives us a redefinition of the relationship between government and tax-exempt institutions.

From now on (if the Court's new rule holds) tax-exempt institutions must "demonstrably serve and be in harmony with the public interest." Justice Powell puts it plainly: the decision suggests that the function of a tax-exempt organization "is to act on behalf of the government in carrying out government approved policies."

Alas, what will come of the diversity and pluralism so dear to American tradition? What, for example, will happen to all-male and all-female schools? Or to organizations sponsored by churches whose practices bar women from becoming priests or rabbis? Must all tax-exempt institutions become appendages of the federal government?

Under this ruling—in a hazy way—the IRS is given power to decide which policies are and which are not in the public interest, based on new guidelines set down by the Court.

Clear and simple, this is a gross abuse of power. Public policy is the business of Congress, not the courts and certainly not the IRS. If charitable associations and private educational institutions are to remain free and diverse, Congress must act soon in the public interest.

—*BC*

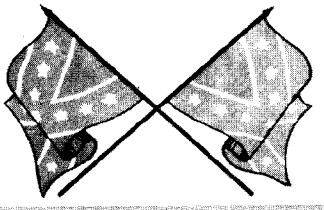
The Winds Of Politics

The single most interesting vote cast in the case of Bob Jones was that of Justice Powell, who voted with the majority but filed a separate opinion. The good Justice said he was "troubled by the broader implications" of the decision. However, he concluded that our duty to root out discrimination is based on "a decade of acceptance" in public policy.

Now, it seems clear to me that the only good argument we have for the existence of a Supreme Court (i.e., nine old fuddy-duddies who are appointed—not elected—for life) is that they are above the changing winds of politics and therefore can take the constitutional high road. One is moved to wonder why we really need a high court if disputed issues are to be adjudicated on the basis of which side can flex the most political muscle or whose view is best supported by the pollsters at CBS.

Earl Warren once said that in reviewing a case before the Court, he always asked himself, "Is it fair?" That question has now been switched to "Is it popular?" Will we ever again hear a jurist ask, "Is it constitutional?" Sadly, the prospects aren't good.

—*RMQ*



The Partisan Dictionary

Mutton — Died in the wool.

Hard — The softest thing in the universe is a hard vacuum.

Wine — Liquids whose value varies enormously, though their spirit is precisely the same.

Liberty — Those who do not take liberties do not have them.

Reality — What dreams are made of.

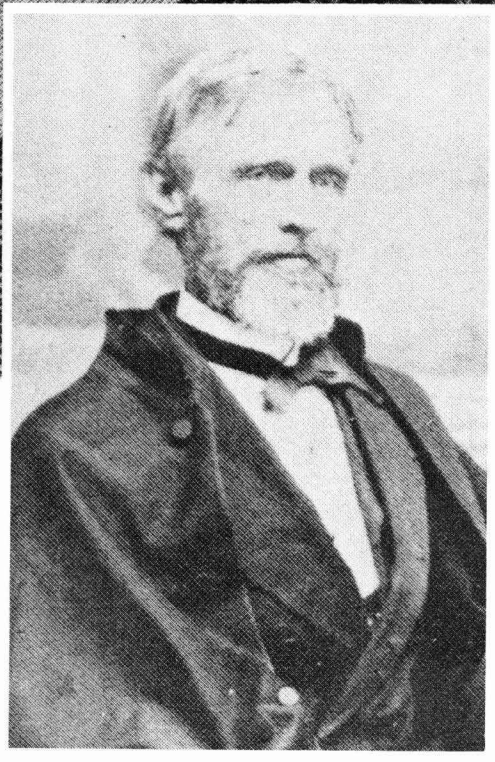
Race Question — Who won the Darlington 500?

Southern Living — A fine magazine with a redundant title.

—*Robert Whitaker*

JEFFERSON DAVIS

In the photograph above, taken in 1853, hope and apprehension can be sensed in the eyes of Jefferson Davis at age 45. At 70, below, the expression has collapsed into a profound sadness. But there is also strength and dignity triumphant.



by Robert McHugh

Rosemont Plantation, the childhood home of Jefferson Davis, is nestled in the gently rolling hills of southwest Mississippi. Carefully restored, the Davis family home is shaded by moss-hung oaks and catalpa trees, surrounded by lush vegetation and warmed by newly-greened memories of the past. It is the last place on earth one would expect to collide with one of those anti-Davis myths, born of Yankee fury and hatred, still restlessly and unaccountably alive.

In the company of two friends, I visited Rosemont on a May afternoon so adorned by a fresh breeze and an obliging blue sky that it could have been gift-wrapped.

One of Varina's dresses might have fit the Union midget general, Ulysses S. Grant (five feet, one when he entered West Point) but never could have covered the more heroic Davis proportions. He was more than six feet tall. Nor would a man of Davis' dignity have, under any circumstances, dressed in drag, not even to escape a a shameful and certain death.

We were welcomed at the door of the two-story wooden home into the early 19th century by a Rosemont guide, a cheerful woman in period costume. Well-trained for her role, she showed us through the house, distinguishing with nice attention to historical detail between those items of furniture that were Davis-owned and those that were period pieces of another origin.

She knew the house and everything in it intimately, answered questions steeped in obscurity and gave a flawless performance as a guide.

However, a casual comment about an antebellum shawl, draped over a chair, led to a digression about the capture by Union soldiers of Jefferson Davis near Irwinsville, Georgia. Our guide, leaving the safe harbor of memorization for the rougher sea of improvisation, told us that Davis had been captured wearing a "lady's garment."

Asked if she meant a shawl, she said firmly that the President of the Confederacy was clothed "in a dress" as a disguise to aid in his escape. "This," she said, "is what we have learned."

This was not at all what they had learned, as a later discreet conversation with a Rosemont office employee disclosed. The employee, stunned by what the guide had said, promised that corrective action would be taken at once.

The late scholar Hudson Strode has put the capture story together with such detailed research and convincing accuracy that one would think that the "lady's dress" myth would be forever buried, North and South, and particularly at a Davis shrine. But, alas!

I do not mean by this vignette to condemn the work at Rosemont. Curator Ernesto Caldeira and lawyer Percival Beacraft, who bought the place in 1971, have done a superb job of making Rosemont a valuable and historic shrine. I mention the matter only to underscore the magnitude of misunderstanding that clouds Jefferson Davis' place in American history.

Considered even casually, the "dress" myth had about as much credibility as the one that had Davis masterminding the assassination of President Lincoln, and yet that story gained wide acceptance, President Andrew Johnson, in an official proclamation, accused Davis of complicity in Lincoln's murder.

One of Varina's dresses might have fit the Union midget general, Ulysses S. Grant (five feet, one when he entered West Point) but never could have covered the more heroic Davis proportions. He was more than six feet tall. Nor would a man of Davis' dignity have, under any circumstances, dressed in drag, not even to escape a shameful and certain death.

Strode's careful reconstruction of the capture has Davis awakened by gunfire and rising "fully dressed in the gray suit in which he had slept . . ." Strode continues: "In the semi-darkness, he grabbed a waterproof sleeveless raglan which was similiar to his, though it happened to be his wife's. As he strode off, Varina impulsively took off her dark shawl and threw it about him." When an armed trooper ordered him to halt and surrender, Davis dropped the shawl and waterproof and advanced on the man, with escape in mind. Varina interfered, and it was all over. Of such stuff, fatuous myths are made.

Other misconceptions about Jefferson Davis abound. The argument that a better man could have led the Confederacy to victory is specious in the extreme. The North had many times the manpower of the overmatched South and vastly more resources.

Grant, a failure as a merchant, a railroad executive, a farmer and as President of the United States, at least knew what any schoolboy knows: if you have more men and material, you are likely to win in the slaughterhouse that is warfare.

Other misjudgments branded Davis as austere, inflexible and impatient. Historian Bruce Catton has answered such charges: "It may well be that at Richmond he made enemies out of men who would have been his supporters if he had been more flexible; yet his very inflexibility, in the impossible job that was given him, was one of his strengths." He might have added that in a time of crisis and conflict, flexibility can dissolve into weakness and sap the strength that is needed for victory.

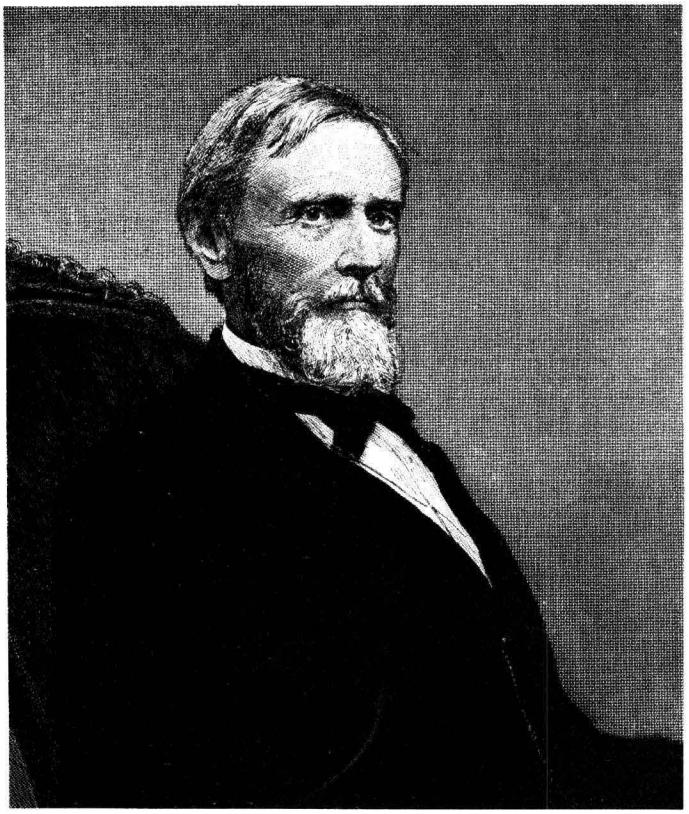
Jefferson Davis' role as President of the Confederacy is so familiar to so many that it would be repetitious to go into it in extensive detail in this brief appreciation. What does need some explication is his earlier career as an American patriot.

Certainly it was as a patriot that in 1853 he accepted from President Franklin Pierce a position in his cabinet as secretary of war. Ever reluctant to leave the peace and quiet of his Brierfield plantation, Davis resisted the appointment to the last. The Nichols biography of Franklin Pierce said that it required "all of Pierce's persuasive powers to prevail upon him (Davis) to enter the cabinet."

During his four years as head of the War Department, Davis instituted additional courses in the humanities at West Point to establish an officer class of genuinely educated men.

As a military man, he was spectacularly innovative. He introduced an improved system of infantry tactics that may have helped Union soldiers a few years later: he substituted iron for wood in gun carriages, secured rifled muskets and real rifles and introduced the famed Minie ball. He beefed up coastal defenses, formed a medical service and took charge of surveys and routes for a military railway across the continent.

Pierce admired Davis more than any other member of the cabinet. When Davis left the executive branch of government in 1857 to serve once again as United States Senator from Mississippi, Pierce wrote to him as follows: "I can



Jefferson Davis at 70 years old.

With the war raging around him, Jefferson Davis took the reins of a loose confederation of states and with great administrative genius created a postal system, a currency, a foreign policy, an army, a navy and a constitution.

scarcely bear the parting from you. You have been strength and solace to me for four anxious years and never failed me."

Davis was equally effective as a United States Senator. In fact, the impact of his influence in the Congress of his time was felt in Biloxi, Mississippi, more than a century after he left that body.

In August of 1969, Hurricane Camille devastated the Mississippi Gulf Coast, causing considerable damage at Beauvoir, Davis' last home, maintained to this day as a shrine and tourist attraction.

Many valuable documents suffered water damage. Specialists from the Smithsonian Institution appeared on the scene as volunteers to help restore those documents. A Mississippian, assisting in the Beauvoir clean-up, asked one of the Smithsonian men what brought them to the disaster scene.

The expert in document restoration said he was there to repay an old debt. Had it not been for Jefferson Davis, he said, the Smithsonian might not be in existence today.

It is certainly true that as a young congressman Davis worked diligently for establishing the Smithsonian Institution in line with the bequest from the British scientist, James Smithson. His interest in it never flagged.

Varina wrote proudly to her mother in 1854: "Jefferson Davis was one of the most active of the fourteen regents of the recently established Smithsonian Institution and always enjoyed entertaining the distinguished American and foreign scientists who met in annual convocation."

As a Senator, he did not subscribe to the theory that the spoils belong to the political victor. He worked to put in place federal regulations that later became the formal Civil Service system that we know today.

This young Kentucky-born, Mississippi-reared Senator created interest in Panama by urging the purchase of what is now the Canal Zone to build a railway that would foster commerce and make U.S. coastal defenses more secure.

The nationalism that he embraced in his earliest days in the Senate began to wane, however, when developments led him to direct his energies to the defense of slavery. He argued that the states alone could exclude slavery from the territories and that the Missouri Compromise line should be extended to the Pacific.

As the catastrophe-to-come became ever more apparent, Jefferson Davis became ever more the champion of state sovereignty, the defender of the South.

After Mississippi seceded in Janaury of 1861, Davis made his farewell address to the Senate. He apparently believed that many Northerners were in sympathy with the Southern cause, as indeed many were. Carl Sandburg wrote in *A Lincoln Preface* as follows: "In all essential propositions the Confederacy had the moral support of powerful, respectable elements throughout the North." Sandburg estimated that in a Northern electorate of four million, "probably more than a million voters believed in the justice of the cause of the South as compared with the North."

To his colleagues in the Senate, Davis said:
I am sure I feel no hostility toward you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people I represent toward those whom you represent. I, therefore, feel that I but express their desire when I say I hope and they hope for peaceable relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country, and if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers. We will vindicate the right as best we may.

When he finished, there was a stillness on the Senate floor. Davis lingered in Washington for a week to recover from a bout with neuralgia and may have even hoped that he and other Southern senators would be arrested as "traitors." Rumors to that effect were current. Davis wrote that such arrests and trials "might not be an undesirable mode of testing the question of the right of a state to withdraw from

the union." The Supreme Court was generally favorable to the doctrine of States' Rights. So the possiblity of such a trial makes for interesting speculation.

But speculation is no substitute for reality. War came, Americans faced one another in some of the most viciously fought battles in history, and the land was spattered with blood.

With the war raging around him, Jefferson Davis took the reins of a loose confederation of states and with great administrative genuis created a postal system, a currency, a foreign policy, an army, a navy and a constitution. His hastily formed nation was sadly lacking in powder mills and rolling mills and had little industry of any kind. Its harbors were mostly blocked by federally-controlled forts, and it faced a young and vigorously growing nation with ten times the resources for waging war.

It stands as one of history's most remarkable achievements that Davis fashioned a government and a fighting unit which held the North at bay for four long years during which time victory was in sight on more than one occasion.

From the single standpoint of trying to mobilize against vastly superior forces, Davis' position in 1861 was similar to Winston Churchill's in the early days of World War II. Neither had much to work with. Both stretched what resources they had to their absolute limits.

Davis and Churchill were unalike in most respects except that each was, as Clement Attlee so aptly said of Churchill, "a layer cake." Davis' layers included the educated man of the 18th century, steeped in the classics; the contemporary man of the 19th; and that "curious layer" Attlee spoke of that placed him, through foresight, a century ahead of his time. Jefferson Davis' public utterances and papers are liberally sprinkled with examples of a sure ability to penetrate contemporary problems and propose for them solutions that were many years ahead of his time.

Davis saw the American hemisphere as a unit and foresaw the time when a good neighbor policy with Latin American nations would be in the best interests of the United States. He also saw advantages in trade with China. Few others did until Richard Nixon acted in the seventies. Trade with China has grown since then from $300 million in 1977 to $5.5 billion.

With remarkable foresight Davis envisioned a time when labor and management would be at each other's throats in America and had a plan to prevent it. Of this, he wrote:

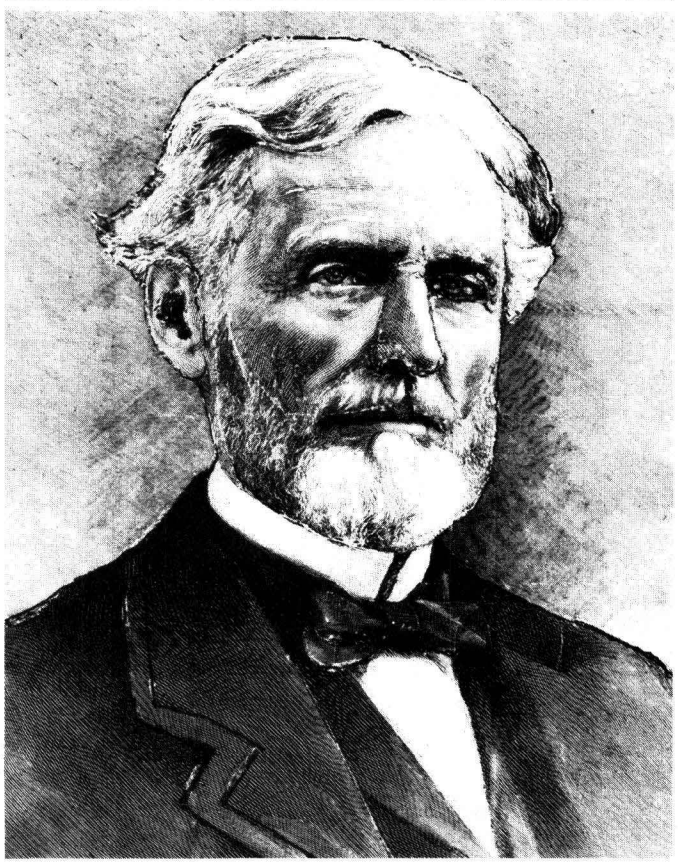
> *The old war between capital and labor has called forth the best intellects of Europe. It has disturbed commerce, overthrown governments, produced anarchy and crept from the wreck without solving the problem. With us, the contest is in its incipient state, and happily it may be that something can be done to check its growth. Decisions should be based on something like a cooperative principle of industrial partnership, in which the wages of the employees should be measured by the profits of the corporation. If in this manner, a community interest could be established, the welfare and contentment of both would seem to be a possible result.*

It was an accurate assessment. Corporations of today with profit sharing plans are rarely, if ever, shattered by serious labor strife.

In 1887, a movement was getting off the ground in Texas toward national prohibition, or as H.L. Mencken has described it, "Our 13 years of horror." Jefferson Davis foresaw its dangers to state sovereignty. He understood the impossibility of legislating good sense and morality. Writing that year to former Texas Gov. F.R. Lubbock, Davis said:

> *Reared in the creed of democracy, my faith in its tenets has grown and I adhere to the maxim that the world is governed too much. To destroy individual liberty and moral responsibility would be to eradicate one evil by the substitution of another. The abuse, and not the use, of stimulants, it must be confessed, is the evil to be remedied. If it has proved the wooden horse in which many a disguised enemy of state sovereignty as the guardian of individual liberty was introduced, then let it be a warning that the progressive march would probably be from village to state and from state to the United States.*

It required four soldiers to hold Davis while the shackles were put in place by a blacksmith. In a written report, the captain in charge of the procedure told General Miles that Davis "showed unnatural strength" in the attempt to fight off his captors.



Davis at seventy-three.

The "noble experiment" he warned against came as he predicted and brought with it a wave of crime and alcohol abuse the likes of which the nation had never experienced.

Jefferson Davis also had a vision of what America should be. Although his own ambition, as he said, "lies buried in the grave of the Confederacy," he knew that the urgent need of the post-war days was a reunited country. He shared that vision with a group of young men at Mississippi City, just a few miles from Beauvoir, in March of 1888.

He said in part:

> *Before you lies the future—a future full of golden promise; a future of expanding national glory, before which all the world will stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and to take your places in the ranks of those who will bring about a consummation devoutly to be wished—a reunited country.*

It was his last public address. He must have given sober thought to those utterances, and he must have felt deeply that the wounds suffered by the country he loved so much and served so well must be healed.

The lives of all public figures in America are carefully studied. Few escape that microscopic inspection without damage. Richard Nixon's paranoia and disregard of the law have been well-publicized; John F. Kennedy's revealed promiscuity was of such magnitude that R. Emmett Tyrrell was moved to write that it "places a new dimension on the naming of that vast cultural palace in Washington, D.C., the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts;" Agnew's kickback operations in Baltimore and Grant's Indian trade scandals were black marks on their careers, and in recent years we have seen more than one congressman drunk in public places and others arrested for making homosexual advances. No one came under more scrutiny than Jefferson Davis. Yet his life was lived without a tinge of scandal, although he had many enemies who willed it otherwise.

Those enemies had their finest chance to discredit him during his period of imprisonment at Fort Monroe. Secretary of War Stanton knew that Davis would be popular with West Pointers so he cast around for a jailer, suitably tough and without links to the military academy.

He found the right man for the job—Nelson A. Miles, a former clerk in a Massachusetts crockery shop whose ambition and singleness of purpose helped him climb over others to the rank of Brevet Major General.

From the security measures Miles took to ensure that Davis would not escape, one would have thought that the Army had on its hands a kind of Hercules, capable of shaking the pillars of the huge old fort, known for its impregnable construction as "The Gibralter of the Chesapeake."

Davis was guarded by 70 soldiers, two of whom paced incessantly within the cell that housed him. Every two hours, there was a noisy changing of the guard. Every 15 minutes, the officer of the day was required to check the cell.

But that wasn't enough. Incredibly, Miles ordered leg irons for his famous prisoner. To Davis' credit, he physically resisted the degradation. Strode tells us that it required four soliders to hold Davis while the shackles were put in place by a blacksmith. In a written report, the captain in charge of the procedure told General Miles that Davis "showed unnatural strength" in the attempt to fight off his captors.

Davis later wrote that he regretted the resistance, explaining that it resulted from what he construed at the time as "a

"Such Cruelties..."

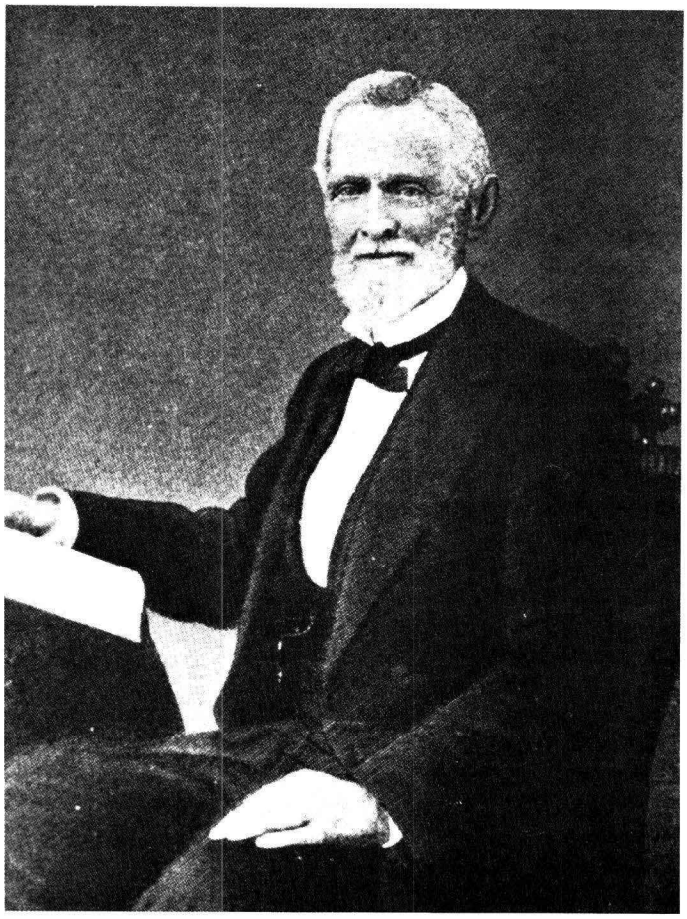
by Felicity Allen

After Jefferson Davis lost his bride of three months and nearly his own life to malaria in 1835, he became, for a time, a recluse at Davis Bend. Though withdrawn from the world at large, the duties of a planter and frequent visits to the lively household of his older brother Joseph at Hurricane, a couple of miles from his own Brierfield, kept him active enough socially. Mentally there was the stimulation of Joe's excellent library. Joseph E. Davis was a great lawyer and debater before he was a planter, and his special love was governmental law. From *The Federalist* on down, he had all the standard sources on the nation's formative period. These, and above all the Constitution, were read and discussed by the brothers until they were almost committed to memory.

The training with Joe gave Jefferson the preparation he would soon need as a young Congressman. When he got to Washington, Webster and Calhoun still dominated debate. Davis duelled verbally in the House and the Senate with Clay and Douglas and Seward and Sumner, always defending the Constitution against perversion, whether by Whigs, Republicans or his own Democrats. By the time he sat on the last Congressional Committee, trying desperately to avoid a split in the body politic, he had taken the measure of his opponents. As the great conflict drew nearer, Davis saw sooner than most the fanatical edge of the abolitionists.

Robert E. Lee, whose thoughts so often ran parallel to his friend's, had seen it also. He wrote to his wife in 1856: "Is it not strange that the descendents of those Pilgrim fathers who crossed the Atlantic to preserve their own freedom of opinion, have always proved themselves intolerant of the spiritual liberty of others?" Davis had even carried the fight to the enemy heartland. Speaking in Boston in 1858, he challenged the Massachusetts Democrats to "arrest a fanaticism which has been evil in the beginning and must be evil in the end."

Yet even Davis was surprised by the savage nature of the warfare that confronted him. Through it all, he saw emotion, not reason, at the springs of enemy action. Davis attributed the "savage barbarities" practiced by the invaders against the civilian population to the loosing of the "insane passions." Even "their clergymen," he said at one point "now engage in urging an excited populace to the extreme of ferocity. . . ." Commenting further on the Northern fury for destruction, the burning of crops and houses with the consequent flight of refugees, the ruthless smashing of every private "article of use or orna-



Jefferson Davis in 1889, a few months before his death.

right and duty." Few of us today would share those regrets.

In Davis' earliest days of agony at Fort Monroe, he was deprived of essential medical care, given poor rations to be consumed without knife or fork, and made to suffer sleepless nights under the constantly shining light.

The New York *Herald* crowed editorially, "No more will Jeff'n Davis be known among the masses of men. He is buried alive."

And so he was for two years until sanity returned to Washington, and he was set free. The doctors who treated him and a number of his captors are on record praising the courage, integrity and sense of honor he showed during his confinement.

The character and moral fiber of a people can be injured when there is a lack of integrity, honor and courage among their leaders. As President of the Confederacy, Davis gave Southerners a legacy of integrity by discharging his duties with the same dedication and sense of personal honor that he brought to his duties as a member of the United States Senate, as a military officer and as secretary of war.

His entire life was one of service to his country and to the Confederate cause in which he believed so deeply. If the rewards for that service were the defeat of the South, his arrest, imprisonment and the obliteration of the cause he championed, out of the rubble of those tragedies his achievements have erected an enduring monument on a secure foundation. Jefferson Davis was one of the most remarkable men in the annals of American history. ⊠

Robert McHugh is editorial page editor of The Sun *in Biloxi-Gulfport, Mississippi. He wrote the libretto for* Elegy In Gray, *an opera about Jefferson Davis produced by the Gulf Coast Opera Theatre in 1976.*

ment." Davis said, "These passions *have changed the character of the hostilities waged by our enemies*, who are becoming daily less regardful of the usages of civilized war and the dictates of humanity." Davis made repeated protests to the adversary government, only to be met with evasion or the silence that gives consent. He pointed out that the very houses now being burned in Virginia were left untouched by the British when warring on the same ground. And though he never spoke of it, he must have recalled in contrast also the meticulous regard for private property which, as colonel of the First Mississippi, he insisted on from his men in the Mexican War.

It was the suffering of the defenseless in this new "indiscriminate war" that particularly excited Davis' passionate language against it.

Lincoln had gone back on his soothing assurances in his first Inaugural Address that the Southern States had nothing to fear. So it was that John Brown's bloody dream became reality. And Davis saw beyond the entrenched fanaticism to its historic roots: "Our enemies are a traditionless and homeless race. From the time of Cromwell to the present moment they have been disturbers of the peace of the world. Gathered together by Cromwell from the bogs and fens of the north of Ireland and England, they commenced by disturbing the peace of their own country; they disturbed Holland, to which they feld; they disturbed England on their return. They persecuted Catholics in England, and they hung Quakers and witches in America."

They would have liked to hang Jeff Davis. At the war's end they kept him close, even in chains, while for two years they searched their wits and his papers, public and private, trying to find a way, but everything fell away from the shield of his innocence. In a private letter to Vice-President Stephens in 1863, Davis made his summary statement: "My whole purpose is in one word to place this war on the footing of such as are waged by civilized people in modern times, and to divest it of the savage character which has been impressed upon it by our enemies. . . ." His accompanying letter to Lincoln added "such cruelties as are not permitted in warfare between Christian peoples." The letter was never delivered; the parley was rejected as diplomatically "inadmissible." ⊠

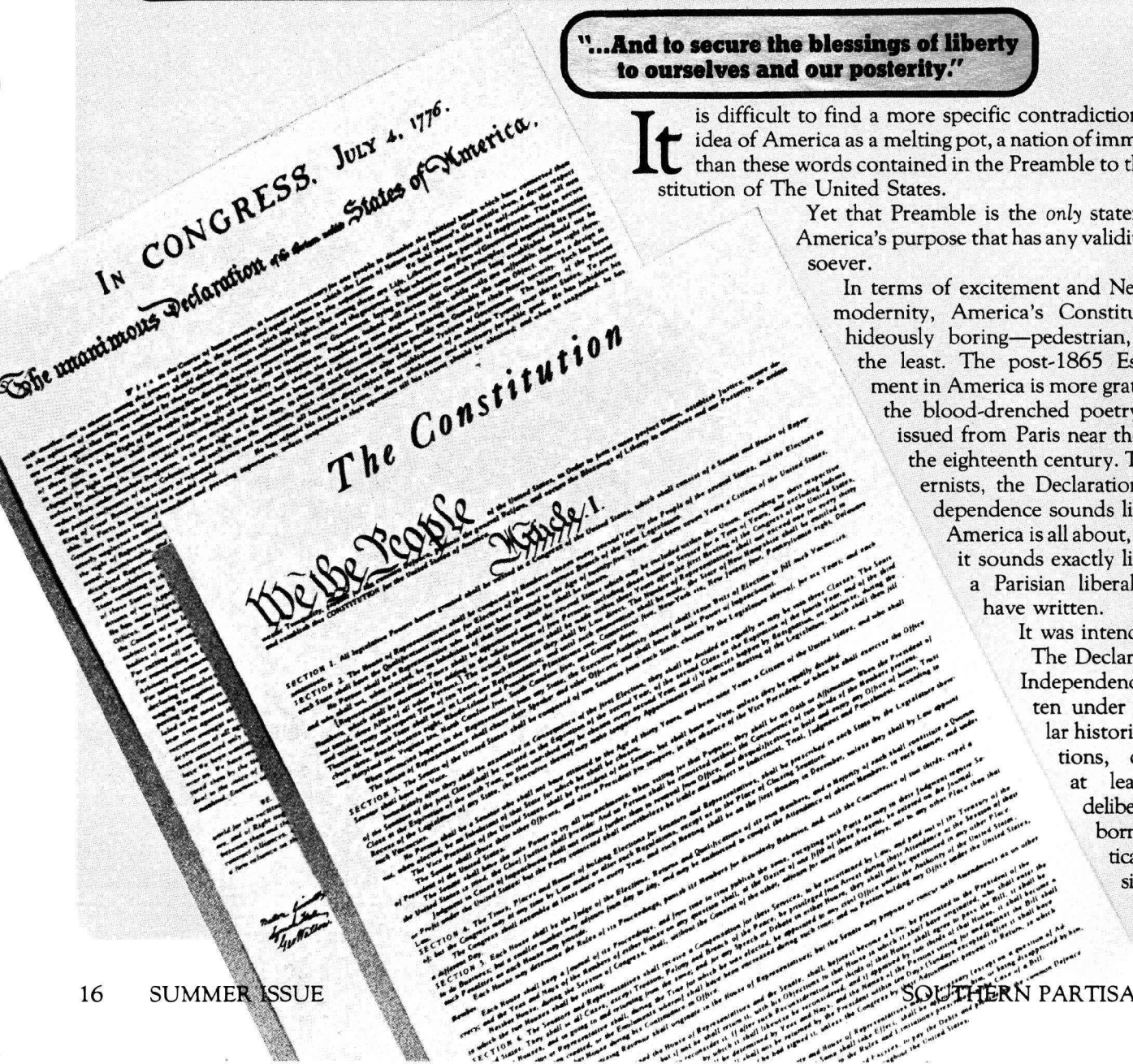
Felicity Allen lives in Auburn, Alabama. She is the mother of four children and enjoys writing in her spare time.

Declaration vs. Constitution

by Robert Whitaker

The Declaration of Independence was a clever work of war propaganda, never intended to be taken seriously at home. Yet modern America regards the Declaration as a document of literal importance, as a statement of our national purpose. Robert Whitaker reminds us that our dual commitment to the Constitution and its opposite, the Declaration, is a form of Orwellian Doublethink. And it all became inevitable after Appomattox.

"...And to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."



It is difficult to find a more specific contradiction to the idea of America as a melting pot, a nation of immigrants, than these words contained in the Preamble to the Constitution of The United States.

Yet that Preamble is the *only* statement of America's purpose that has any validity whatsoever.

In terms of excitement and New York modernity, America's Constitution is hideously boring—pedestrian, to say the least. The post-1865 Establishment in America is more gratified by the blood-drenched poetry which issued from Paris near the end of the eighteenth century. To modernists, the Declaration of Independence sounds like what America is all about, because it sounds exactly like what a Parisian liberal would have written.

It was intended to.

The Declaration of Independence, written under particular historic conditions, contains at least two deliberate lies, born of tactical necessity. They are:

Lie I: "...The history of the present King of Great Britian is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny..."

Following this, there are seventeen splendid accusations directed specifically at the King, each a separate sentence beginning with the charge "He has . . ."

When the Declaration was written in 1776, there was a war on. Almost nowhere in any establishment discussion of the meaning of the Declaration (liberal or conservative) does one find that fact alluded to. Indeed, the rules of the game since 1865 require all Establishment historians and political commentators to maintain that, in the middle of a war, delegates were sent to Philadelphia to write a completely objective document—a philosophically detached statement of America's true meaning.

Objectivity was the last thing on the minds of those patriots who assembled in 1776. Delegates were there to make a critical strategic decision. From the first shooting over a year before, Americans had justified their struggle as a fight for proper treatment as loyal subjects of the King, for the Rights of Englishmen. Their only hope for success lay in the possibility of electoral victory for the pro-American minority in Parliament.

Therefore, the most pressing fear the Signers faced in the summer of 1776 was that an outright declaration of independence would alienate their friends in Parliament. How many of those friends would we lose if we declared ourselves to be, not fellow subjects, but a foreign state at war with Great Britain?

Concern about our friends was reflected in Lie I of the Declaration. It was an outright and wholly intentional falsehood about the nature of the British Constitution.

We know that the history leading to our rebellion in1775 can be traced in a series of Acts of Parliament: the Stamp Act, the Townshend Act, and so forth. Each was passed by a majority of that body. None were edicts or independent actions of the Crown. All the men at Philadelphia were intimately familiar with British law. They were aware that without a majority of Parliament on his side the King was helpless.

Yet the rhetoric of the Declaration blames the King repeatedly for all real offenses. Parliament is mentioned only once and then vaguely.

To claim that Thomas Jefferson was writing objectively in 1776 requires one to believe that he, an important public figure, was completely ignorant of the nature of the system under which he had lived out the first three and a half decades of his life. Such an objectivity would be so polluted by ignorance as to render it worthless.

Far from reflecting such insufferable naiveté, Lie I shows that Jefferson was enormously sophisticated in achieving his purpose. Lie I was cleverly conceived war propaganda intended to divide the King from Parliament. Making a direct appeal to the pro-American minority in London, Jefferson and the other Signers lied, openly and knowingly, to avoid alienating it. Most historians are still allowed to acknowledge this. Lie II, these days, is more difficult to talk about.

Lie II: "...We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal..."

To offset the risk of alienating America's friends in London, a declaration of outright independence offered a strategic advantage. As loyal subjects of King George, colonists could not seek foreign alliances against him. As independent States, they could be recognized and aided by George's enemy, King Louis of France.

This, too, was worth a lie.

Obviously, Lie II was not written to appeal to the French conservatives of 1776. Louis' rule over France and its colonies was all that the Declaration falsely accused George's of being. It was absolute rule without a Parliament.

But there was another powerful and influential group in Paris. In the very near future, that group would lead France to the bloody horror of Revolution and Robespierre; but in 1776 French liberals were merely mouthing the sort of adolescent, fashionable nonsense that fascinates an idle, effeminate aristocracy. Two hundred years ago, no one realized how dangerous ideals adopted by immature city provincials close to the center of power could be. Today, there is no excuse for such blindness. We have seen the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution and all they led to.

But in 1776, French liberalism was the force we desperately needed on our side. Louis was already helping us against his traditional enemy, but French liberals, as represented by Lafayette and other young nobles, had the ear of those in power in Bourbon Paris. It was to this rising class of French liberals that Lie II was directed. It was in their language that the vacuous phrase was written.

The Declaration's Signers would have been insulted by the idea that they actually believed the egalitarian nonsense in the Declaration as by the belief that they were actually as ignorant of British law as the document suggested.

To a New England provincial of 1860 or a New York provincial of today, fashionable Parisian philosophy two centuries ago looks like sober good sense. To them, Rousseau's idea of a "noble savage," of man as naturally good until corrupted by Western Civilization, is fundamental. But Jefferson knew better. He represented Virginia, the largest county of which was Kentucky. The name was Indian. Long before white men arrived, the place was called ken-tuck-hee, "dark and bloody ground," because Indians had slaughtered each other there since time immemorial. Jefferson had no illusions about natural peacefulness, noble savages, or about the innate equality of man.

Jefferson's true genius lay in his ability to make such blatant falsehoods sound like a sincere statement of American belief. That accomplishment helped bring about alliance with France in 1778 and victory in 1783, when the new majority in Parliament refused to vote funds to continue the war. Establishment commentators now ignore Jefferson's greatness and even insult his intelligence by holding that he actually believed the poetic absurdities he wrote.

Our Orwellian Mind-Set

In *Screwtape Proposes a Toast* C.S. Lewis quotes the senior devil as praising our modern ideal of Equality. It is

Continued on next page.

perfectly in tune with Hell's philosophy, says Screwtape, because "It is based on a good, solid, resounding lie." Those who confuse our Declaration with our Constitution base the purpose of America on Lie II.

Southern thought prior to 1860 saw American history correctly as an evolution from Jamestown, the first English colony in America. Jamestown was founded for practical reasons and on English constitutional principles. Over a year before Pilgrims seeking Virginia landed in Massachusetts by mistake, the elected House of Burgesses was established in Jamestown. It has continued to this day and is now the Virginia Legislature.

Southerners saw the Constitution as the fundamental law of the land. Its adoption in 1787 completed a real but conservative revolution. Radical provincials in 1860 New England looked back to the Puritan (not Pilgrim) theocracy as the basis for America's development. To them, the Declaration, reflecting an alien provincialism so like their own, was the natural continuation of American History.

As we have probably all heard by now, the North won the War.

The result has been a truly Orwellian mind-set which pervades American Establishment thought. In his novel, 1984, George Orwell described Doublethink as the intellectual basis of the hideous totalitarian society he predicts. Doublethink is the ability to hold two contradictory beliefs simultaneously. Even conservative discussion of America's intellectual foundation has been clouded as a direct result of the confusion between Declaration and Constitution.

In a recent column William Buckley told his readers that "the Founding Fathers could look back to the founding of the colony at Plymouth" as the beginning of "pre-Constitutional America." Yet Mr. Buckley knows very well that those who reached Plymouth were trying to find the already established colony at Jamestown. He knows that this fact is incompatible with his statement. Here we have a form of Doublethink in America's most effective opponent of liberal Doublethink on other questions.

What could be more intellectually piteous than for someone in Paris to call himself a conservative because he *believes* utterly in the Declaration of the Rights of Man?

An American who calls himself a conservative because he believes utterly in the Declaration of Independence as our national basis is more misguided than our hypothetical Frenchman, who at least refers to a document written by and for Frenchmen. The poor American is trying to base his country on a document written for foreign consumption.

The Jamestown Connection

As a loyal reader of *National Review*, I know that its editor is embarrassed by getting a single letter in a Latin word wrong. He would find it most upsetting to be caught confusing one Bibical patriarch, or one Puritan patriarch with another, but to write him about the fact that he missed the very existence of Virginia for the first thirteen years of our pre-Constitutional history would produce a gentlemanly, but wholly formalistic, correction. Such conservatism does not take *American* history seriously.

That's too bad because *National Review* is such an important publication. In fashionable circles, it has become synonomous with the conservative movement. They refer to it as "the *National Review*". We call it *National Review*.

Southerners were disappointed, but not surprised, when *National Review* appointed a house historian to declare that the Declaration of Independence is indeed the basis of America. Such an outlook is part of the mind-set that causes

Jamestown and what Jamestown represents to be forgotten. Pointing out the existence of the colony the Pilgrims were trying to reach does nothing to the mind-set behind the error.

Today we find evidence of the mind-set all around us. The Republican Party, for example, has no hope of victory these days without support from traditionalist Southerners. Yet "John Brown's Body" is the theme song we hear incessantly at GOP rallies. It is all part of the continuum from Puritan to Declaration-as-American to John Brown-as-hero, all the way to our New York-California Establishments of today, right and left.

Northern conservatism is Northern first.

Northern conservatives treat the real founding of English America precisely as liberals treat all history: as unimportant detail. But conservation, by definition, is meaningless unless its history is dead accurate.

An accurate American history must recognize that the so-called Pilgrim Fathers, (who had nothing to do with the Puritans, but one can't correct everything at once) were the fathers of almost nobody. Throw in the far more numerous Puritans, as Northern conservatism does, and the Pilgrim Fathers remain a pathetically small part of our national heritage, biologically and philosophically. During the Revolutionary War, Virginians from the County of Kentucky took the Midwest for America, all the way to the Great Lakes. That is another episode that has gone down the Orwellian Memory Tube of Northern conservatism.

Between the northern border of Kentucky and the Great Lakes, half of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois were settled by people from Virginia and points south. Half of the Northwest, now the Midwest, was settled by Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, Jersians and, incidentally, New Englanders. Lincoln complained that the gulf between upper Illinois and its lower part was as wide as that between South Carolina and Massachusetts. He knew why, but that part of Lincoln's wisdom has also gone down the Northern Memory Hole.

To forget Virginia for Massachusetts requires one to overlook a great deal more than a single historical datum. For such a mentality, almost all of the actual history of this country south of the Hudson and west of New York State drops into oblivion. To the New York provincial of 1983, oblivion is where it belongs, of course, as surely as did any knowledge of the provinces to 1776 Parisians or 1860 Bostonians.

The Declaration was written around two "good, solid resounding lies" that probably made an independent America possible. But those who declare the Lies to be our basis hark back to a theocracy that, had it had its independence, would have roasted Catholics along with the Quakers and Indians it burned alive. To these Declarationists, Virginia and the Constitution are somehow alien, while Puritanism and French liberalism seem familiar. One who corrects them is regarded as a provincial quibbler. Those of us who take our history seriously can only continue to quibble and to wish there had been a few effective quibblers around in 1776 Paris or 1917 Moscow.

It is a situation Screwtape would love. If Screwtape were capable of love. ⊠

Senior editor Whitaker is, among other things, the author of *A Plague On Both Your Houses.*

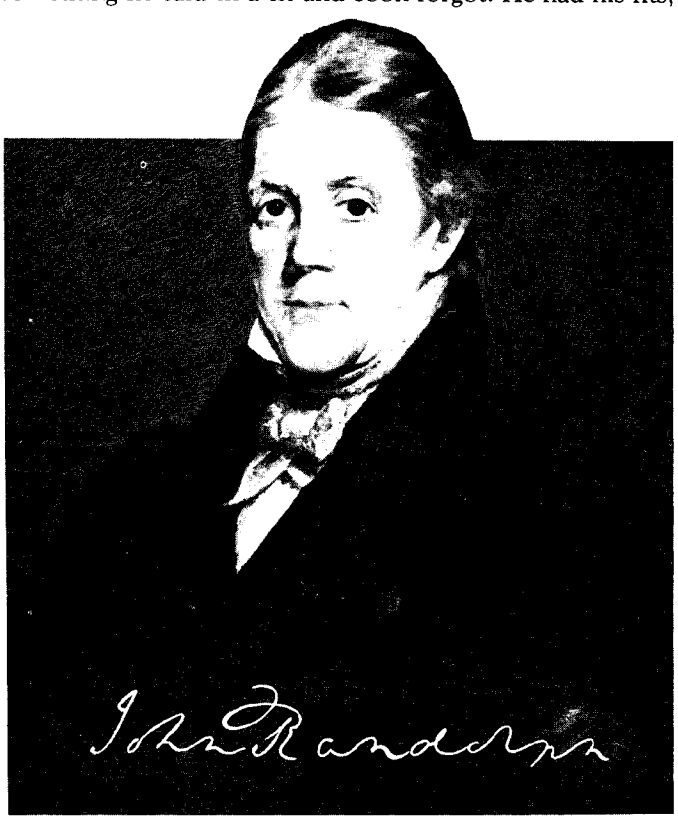
Randolph of Roanoke

on the doctrine of EQUALITY

by John Douglas Minyard

During the first third of the nineteenth century, American public life was decorated by the presence of one of this country's truly original political personalities, John Randolph of Roanoke. Appearing in the House of Representatives, where he spent most of his political career, booted and spurred, riding crop in hand, preternaturally thin, looking no more than twenty, with fingers unnervingly long, Randolph was not merely fantastic in appearance and behavior, he was also a master political dialectician. Very much of what he said was quotable, and no one in our history has been his superior at political invective. Who can forget that masterpiece of sarcasm and satire, his denunciation of Edward Livingston: "Fellow citizens," said Randolph of Livingston, "he is a man of splendid abilities, but utterly corrupt. Like rotten mackerel by moonlight, he shines and stinks." That's the kind of thing everyone likes to hear, the kind of thing that makes history fun.

Other quotes by Randolph are cherished in the modern world only in the hearts of a very few intellectual outlaws. "I am an aristocrat," said Mr. Randolph on one occasion. "I love liberty; I hate equality." That is *not* the sort of thing moderns like to hear. But this statement was not made in a momentary deviation from sanity on Randolph's part, something he said in a fit and soon forgot. He had his fits,



of course, but this was a lifelong one, and he delighted in going on and on about it. He actually believed it. In fact, here is some more of the same thing:

> *Sir, . . . these principles, pushed to their extreme consequences (that all men are born free and equal) I can never assent to for the best of all reasons, because it is not true . . . (Man) is born in a state of the most abject want, and in a state of perfect helplessness and ignorance, which is the foundation of the connubial tie. . . . The ricketty and scrofulous little wretch who first sees the light in a work-house, or in a brothel, and who feels the effects of alcohol before the effects of vital air, is not equal in any respect to the ruddy offspring of the honest yeoman: nay, I will go further, and say that a prince, provided he is not better born than royal blood will make him, is not equal to the healthy son of a peasant.*

Earlier in this same speech, Randolph cited the great American source of the ideas he spent a career combatting:

> *. . . (I cannot) agree to a falsehood, and a most pernicious falsehood, even though I find it in the Declaration of Independence. . . .*

Randolph knew that the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence came to us from two radically divergent streams of thought. The Constitution finds its intellectual roots in the great tradition of European conservative thought stretching from Aristotle and Cicero. It is in its basic structure modeled on what the Romans of the Republic considered their constitution to be. The Declaration, on the other hand, flows from the opposite direction, expressing the characteristic goal of those whom Edmund Burke labeled the metaphysicians of politics. In an eighteenth century context, the Declaration is clearly an Enlightenment document and represents the influence of that brand of thought which gave us the French Revolution.

The whole notion of self-evident equality founded on the doctrine of natural rights, as it was construed by the French Revolutionists was new. It cannot, for instance, be found in classical political thought and practice. In classical Greece, words for excellence and freedom are common, prominent and central to the notion of humanity, the condition of being human. Everyone ought to aim at *arete* (excellence) in his own sphere, whether that is the heroic excellence of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, excellence as an athlete or craftsman or excellence in the general sphere of community life that we call politics. Different people were endowed with different

WHY LIBERALS ARE ALWAYS WRONG!

BY LAKE HIGH

Those of us who attended school before education became relevant to today's world (say before 1962) remember that the political thinkers of old, all the way back to the Greeks and up to the present century, felt compelled to start discourses on political institutions by trying to analyze the nature of man.

Today, things are a good deal more free-wheeling. Political doctrines that sound good in a superficial way are accepted uncritically by a generation whose emotions are manipulated by television and whose concept of logic has something to do with computer circuits.

Take the doctrine of equality. Most folks today don't seem to realize that equality and freedom are forever unalterably opposed. We cannot achieve equality without taking something away from one person and giving it to another, and we cannot have freedom where possessions are taken away from us against our will. So the average man is faced in most every election with a basic decision on whether he wants to be free to achieve what he can on his own merit, or whether he wants to benefit from a redistributionary system that will increase his share of the take, because equality (as someone smart once said) is something we only want to have with our superiors.

The nut of the problem is that equality does not exist in nature. No two trees are alike, no two people, not even two grains of sand. It's true that in some practical applications these natural differences count for nothing. For all practical purposes, it doesn't make any difference if grains of sand are not alike. Each grain can help equally in the task of creating sandy beaches or bonding strong cement. But such a happy state of equal cooperation is not possible among men who, unlike grains of sand, possess eccentricities of free will, ambition, laziness and a natural resistance to staying put in one place. So any political arrangement among men that strives for equality can only be achieved by unnatural forces.

There are many recent examples of attempts to enforce equality unnaturally. For instance, in an effort to make public transportation equally available to all citizens, an act has been passed by Congress imposing on the states the duty to modify public transportation so that it is accessible to crippled as well as ambulatory citizens. Since all men are not equal in their abilities to manuever, the law attempts to improve on nature. Overcoming these inequalities by law, however, has proven to be costly. The mayor of New York recently determined that a chauffered limousine for each cripple in his city is cheaper than the purchase of modified buses and subways. The correction of this natural inequality was easy enough to vote; but, in practice, it is proving extremely stressful on the public treasury.

So it is with all their bright legislative ideas. The results are uniformly undesirable. Minimum wage laws (result: massive unemployment); Labor reform (result: violent strikes and wage inflation); education reform (result: a generation of illiterates).

Liberals love this sort of legislation. By the simple act of voting, they think they can impose improvements on nature and bring us all closer to the great ideal of equality among men.

capacities. Some people, even, had no hope of achieving excellence in any activity. Life simply was not equally open to all comers at birth.

Freedom was also a characteristic of the fully human life in the Greek view, freedom both political and moral. Freedom was necessary in order to achieve excellence, to pursue one's talents to their limits. But equality was not a prominent Greek notion, and there are no words to express this modern idea.

The case is essentially the same with the Romans. *Libertas*, which exactly translates the word "freedom," and from which we get our word "liberty," was characteristic of the fully human life. Under the influence of the Greeks, the Romans extended their concept of *virtus*, or excellence, to cover a broad a range of activity. Still, at Rome, there was no general notion of equality as a characteristic of human life.

When we come to the time of John Randolph of Roanoke, we find plenty of people who believe in the natural equality of all men, who believe it is a self-evident condition, and that insofar as life has distorted this natural state of affairs, it should be restored by political means, through force if necessary. What, then, of excellence and freedom? Where in the Declaration of Independence do we find any talk of the pursuit of excellence in the definition of what it means to be human? Just after telling us that all men are created equal, the Declaration speaks of the unalienable rights of man with which he is endowed by his Creator and names as among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Nowhere do we find the notion of the classical *arete* or *virtus*, which is the goal of life in Greek and Roman thought. Clearly something has happened to Western thought in the interim. The appearance of *happiness* and *equality* as values in life is a function of the disappearance of excellence as a prominent element in the dominant system of values. For the Greeks and Romans, excellence depended on freedom. They went closely together. Equality was a notion of no great importance. For the opponents of Randolph and for those who dominate American society today, equality has become the animating myth. Excellence is no longer a thing compatible with their political agenda. Randolph saw the dangers of such loose thinking. Today, the American landscape on a moonlit night can be seen littered with shining mackerels. ⊠

John Douglas Minyard is associate professor of classical civilization at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

The biggest irony in all the egalitarian schemes is that liberals are able somehow to justify collective action that could never be justified on an individual level. By the tax power, wealth is taken from those who have it and given to those who don't. That's called humanitarianism. Now, if a liberal took it on himself to do this one-on-one, say with a pistol in his hand on a city street, it would rightly be called robbery. He may be acting with the best motives. He may be planning to use the stolen funds for his sick mother. Like the tax collector, he's certainly not taking *all* of the victim's assets, not his house, not his car, or even his bank account—just the small amount the victim has in his wallet at the time.

But whether done by a thug in an alley or by an agent for the Internal Revenue Service, it is still robbery justified by a variation on the Robin Hood myth. Just as in the story of Robin Hood the recipients of the money are grateful, and the merry men are popular with those to whom they give the money. And who cares about the rich anyway? They're all mean and nasty people who don't need all that money.

In our time and country, the recipients of redistribution are also grateful. They express their gratitude by giving millions of votes to the merry men on election day. But here we see the basic political action of liberalism—taking one man's possessions to distribute to someone else; or else, compelling by the force of regulatory law, behavior that is not voluntary or natural. That is their only way of improving on the inequalities of nature. The trouble is that it breeds greed—and ultimately violence.

Lately, several popular columnists have asked why any leftist, no matter how lunatic his message, can speak on any college campus in the nation undisturbed, while reasonable speakers of moderate bent are shouted down. Is it that there are so many leftists on campus? Is that why Jesse Jackson can speak at campus rallies uninterrupted while Jean Kirkpatrick is screamed at and has her life threatened? No. It's not that there are so many leftists. It's just that they care nothing for personal freedom. They are lawless in their souls. So ill-temper and rudeness come easy. Violence is the next step.

A few months back, a couple of Ku Klux Klansmen held a small rally in Washington. In a city that has seen thousands of leftists holding rallies and demonstrations both large and small, one wonders why something so banal would gather any attention at all, especially in the light of the known impotence and irrelevance of the Klan. But, the Klansmen had to be spirited away, their lives in danger, from a leftist mob, and then the fun began. The mob went on a holiday of looting and smashing. Oh well, boys will be boys.

Meanwhile, the liberal (who is always wrong because his political ideal of equality can only be based on wrongdoing) may begin to wonder, in the face of growing violence, what sort of monster he has created. Unfortunately for us all, the passions of greed and violence are more difficult to extinguish than they are to ignite. ⊠

Lake High lives in Columbia, South Carolina. He is a stockbroker with a variety of interests including economic and political theory, advertising, genealogy and writing for *The Southern Partisan*.

God, Gallup, and the Episcopalians

by Cleanth Brooks

"The glory of the Church of England," Cleanth Brooks has written, "has been its ability to provide shelter for a number of rather diverse groups...." In both the mother church and its offspring, the Episcopal Church of America, Anglicans could take pride in a peaceful co-existence among three factions, often referred to lightly as "Low and lazy, Broad and hazy, and High and crazy."

But in recent years, the umbrella church has sprung serious leaks. First the Bishop Pike affair greatly alarmed churchmen who valued Christian orthodoxy. A second issue was the ordination of women as priests (1976). Then in 1979 the cherished Book of Common Prayer was abandoned. Here, Cleanth Brooks tells us why the Church continues to suffer from this, the gravest of errors.

The rejection of the old Prayer Book was something like the demolition of a historic building. For over four centuries it has been regarded as a monument of great prose. It has influenced the English language with memorable images and phrasing. Only the King James translation of the Bible and the works of William Shakespeare have affected our language so much. Why did the Episcopal Church discard this precious inheritance? Various people have asked the question publicly, including Roman Catholics, Protestants, and many who profess no Christian faith at all. A man of letters of international stature has more than once asked me: "Why in the hell has your church discarded the one thing it has that could seriously attract people who value language of beauty and power? I just can't understand it." Yet this act is what we must try to understand.

We must try to understand it if we are to hope to understand the present character of those who now have the ecclesiastical machinery in their hands. Their own justification of what they have done will reveal a great deal. One might begin by examining their charge that those who defend the traditional Prayer Book worship a book instead of the Lord God on High. Since you worship the old Prayer Book, they have said, you are really idolators. No matter how splendid the traditional Prayer Book is as a work of great prose, there is something far more important than any book: the knowledge of God himself and his mission for his people.

One can cheerfully grant that any prayer book is only a means to an end. But the proponents of radical revision beg the real question here. For though they argue that the language used in liturgy and prayer is finally of no importance in itself, they do not themselves put language aside as if one could reach God directly and without the mediation of language. Thus the revisionists are not asking the ordinary communicant to seek the wordless revelation of God that a few of the saints have attained in mystical experience. Not at all. Instead, they turn up with a new book of their own.

The issue, then, is not whether we can discard language in our worship, but whether the language of the 1979 version is superior to that of the traditional book: does one book serve the parishioner better than the other?

On this ground, every defender of the old book would be happy to meet them. The problem of the defenders of the old book has been that they have found it difficult to persuade the revisionists to take up the challenge. Rather, the revisionists have preferred to rest on the assumption that a prayer book must use language that is up-to-date. Just as any good American would automatically want to trade in his old 1972 automobile for a 1981 model, they yearn for a contemporary prayer book. Some years ago an important Episcopal layman observed in the *New York Times* that the traditional Book of Common Prayer doubtless had been a good book for the Elizabethans, but that he and the rest of us were not Elizabethans. We needed a twentieth-century production.

Are the plays of Shakespeare outmoded because he was born over four centuries ago? Has Milton's* Paradise Lost, *now some three centuries old, nothing to say to men of the last decades of the twentieth century?

Actually, the foundations of the traditional Prayer Book were laid before Elizabeth I ascended the throne. But never mind; our layman's slip is minor. What is not minor is his bland assumption that a book of another age is, by that fact, of no importance to a later age. Are the plays of Shakespeare outmoded because he was born over four centuries ago? Has Milton's *Paradise Lost,* now some three centuries old, nothing to say to men of the last decades of the twentieth century?

I can hear the voice—if not of the layman I have cited, then of many like him—protesting that literary works of art are different. Shakespeare and Milton wrote poetry, but with a prayer book we are not talking about poetry but about the great verities, matters of the highest moment.

Such expostulation is to be expected. In this country, the man in the street still does not take poetry seriously. He sees it as a kind of make-believe, a kind of frippery, an embroidery on life. It is small wonder that he distrusts poetry, for he has a general distrust of language itself. He characteristically says that he wants to get down to brass tacks—the hard facts. One can agree with him that language can be deceptive, can be ambiguous, can be misused by advertising agencies, public relations men, fraudulent politicians, and just plain liars. The term "rhetoric," which originally meant simply the ability to choose words and arrange them for effective exposition, description, or persuasion, nowadays gives off a certain smell. This formerly honorific term is definitely in bad odor.

We do need to be careful in our handling of language. But, again, we can't simply dispense with it. For better or worse, we are stuck with language. Therefore, the more we learn about language, the sillier it becomes to think that we can determine, by referring to the publication date, whether some works—poetry or prayer books—are worn out. Our language itself is old. Moreover, some of the newest fabrications of language are the least effective. . . .

Dorothy Mills Parker, in her excellent pamphlet *The Prayer Book Issue,* cites typical infelicities. In the old Prayer Book, verse 1 of Psalm 69 reads: "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in, even unto my soul." The 1979 Prayer Book renders it thus: "Save me, O God, for the water has risen up to my neck." We move from austere grandeur to awkward literalness. The cry sounds like that of a careless bather who has let himself be caught offshore by the incoming tide. The reader will exclaim, "Save me, O God, from such a translation."

Margaret A. Doody, in her devastating commentary on the 1979 Prayer Book, collects several such gems of ineptitude from the new translation. In the old Prayer Book, verse 9 of Psalm 84 reads: "For one day in thy [the Lord's] courts is better than a thousand." The corresponding passage in the 1979 Book reads: "For one day in your courts is better than a thousand in my own room." Professor Doody observes that the addition of "in my own room" is irresistibly comic, reminiscent as it is of the bed-sitting-room, that abomination of the British boardinghouse. Besides, "who wouldn't rather be anywhere else than shut up in one's room for a thousand days?"

It may be, for all I know, that the new translations represent faithful, literal translations from the Hebrew. But if so, that circumstance is not good enough. For we also have to be concerned with the impact of the Psalms, the prayers, and the liturgy upon English-speaking worshippers, and the matter that counts is what they say and do to the worshipper.

Much more is at stake than updating—and so often destroying—the poetry of the Psalms. The process of distortion and enfeeblement goes on throughout the 1979 text. For example, consider the new response to the priest's salutation to his people, "The Lord be with you." Instead of the traditional book's "And with thy spirit," the revisers give us "And also with you." I submit that this new form is just not current English. As Ben Jonson rather ungraciously said of Edmund Spenser's poetry, it is "writ in no language."

If the aim of the revisers was to translate the Prayer Book into modern conversational idiom, they have signally failed. How might the reply of the worshippers be phrased? "I pray the same for you"? "The same to you"? Even, just possibly, "And with you too"? All these seem to me "sayable" in contemporary English, though varying in tone from a formal utterance to a jaunty colloquialism. But if being up-to-date is really of great importance, then let's be truly up-to-date, not merely protest that we are.

So much for the failure to put the Prayer Book services into up-to-date English. Lack of space forbids any multiplying of examples. The reader who wants more can find them in abundance in Margaret Doody's article, a contribution to *The State of the Language. . . .*

How could all this have happened? Because the strength of the Standing Liturgical Commission lay in its knowledge of the origins and history of the liturgy, the varieties developed in the Eastern Church and in the Western, with their special virtues and deficiencies. Such scholarship is important and has its uses. The members of the Commission apparently sought to recover the ancient rites of the primitive Christian church—an aspect of the age-old Protestant dream?—and to remove from the traditional Prayer Book what they perceived to be undesirable accretions from the Middle Ages. In particular, they have sought to encourage the active participation of the laity and to lighten the penitential tone of the liturgy. They wished to transform it into a joyful thanksgiving. (Some theologians feel that they have gone much too far in minimizing the sense of sin and man's need to feel penitent.)

Yet it can be plausibly argued that, in their concern to recover the modes and rites of the primitive church, they—and not the defenders of the traditional book—have become the true antiquarians. For even if the authors of the 1979 Prayer Book could recover the structure of the primitive rite, they cannot recover for the present-day English or

The Anglican Church's failure, on both sides of the Atlantic, to make use of its brilliant literary figures among the laity of our century amounts to a scandal.

American worshipper the now dead languages in which the ancient rites were expressed. Therefore, what shall it profit the Liturgical Commission, or the bishops who accepted its findings, to know all about the Gelasian Sacramentary, the Gallican liturgies, the ancient forms of the epiclesis, and so on, if the English they employ fails to touch the heart or give a sense of the numinous and the holy? How shall we sing the Lord's song "in a strange land?" the Hebrews lamented in their Babylonian captivity. It may be even harder to sing the Lord's song—or even to speak it—in an inept prose.

Those who direct the course of the Episcopal Church seem to have reposed complete confidence in their committee of experts—how American all this is!—not asking whether the members of the Commission possessed an expertise in the English language that matched their expertise in the history of liturgical development. Furthermore, the members of the Commission did not make use of such experts in the English language as were available: the Church's poets, fiction writers, and literary scholars. Very few of the writers and scholars whom I know personally feel that a radical revision of the traditional book was necessary.

One of them was indeed approached for help—W.H. Auden, the poet. He replied that a committee could no more produce a good prayer than a committee could produce a good poem. Anyway, he did not serve, and as for his opinion of the revision, he was to write: "The Episcopal Church . . . seems to have gone stark raving mad. . . . The English language [in the sixteenth century] had already become more or less what it is today . . . but the ecclesiastics of the sixteenth century possessed a feeling for the ritual and the ceremonies which today we have almost entirely lost."

The Anglican Church's failure, on both sides of the Atlantic, to make use of its brilliant literary figures among the laity of our century amounts to a scandal. If additions—propers and alternate prayers or special occasional prayers—were needed for the Prayer Book, why did the Church not turn to its masters of prose like C.S. Lewis, or poets like T.S. Eliot? For example, Eliot's wonderful chorus of praise in *Murder in the Cathedral* is a magnificent modern Te Deum. No one wants to bar first-rate twentieth-century writing simply because it is new, any more than sixteenth-century writing simply because it is old.

For a long time the Episcopal Church has taken a proper pride in its learned clergy. The melancholy fact is that it might be very difficult to vindicate such a claim any longer. (Recommended for the Episcopal seminaries: a course in logic—enough at least to help the student recognize a non sequitor or a false option when he encounters it; several courses in English literature, sufficient at least to acquaint the student with the way the English language works and what it can and cannot do; and of course, solid training in theology).

It ought to be pointed out that the Episcopalian in the pew did not ask for a radically changed prayerbook. The incentive for change came from the top. And, one may ask, what has been the general attitude of the ecclesiastical establishment toward the man in the pew? Apparently pretty much that of any bureaucracy. There was a confidence that, with the passage of time and with some retaining, the layman would become habituated to the new book. An elaborate retraining process was devised and spread out over nearly two decades. Thus, various "trial" services were issued; reactions and constructive suggestions from the laity were requested. . . .

Nevertheless, after many years and all the trial services, many Episcopalians still do not like the new book. The Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer again and again asked the Church authorities to hold a referendum on the subject. The request was steadily denied. Finally the Society engaged George Gallup to conduct a poll, which was carried out in May and June, 1979. The results showed that the laity overwhelmingly favored the traditional book. Preference for the traditional Prayer Book was approximately three to one (63 percent to 23 percent), with those in favor of the traditional book feeling more strongly about their choice than those who favored the revised book. By contrast, 80 percent of the clergy preferred the revised book (14 percent the traditional book). The results would indicate that the opposition to the 1979 Prayer Book was not merely that of a group of disgruntled English professors. The laity lined up solidly with them against the bishops and the rest of the clergy.

How seriously must one take the Gallup poll? Well, it can hardly be simply dismissed. The Gallup organization is generally regarded as the most respected of all our polling services. In its method of sampling, the poll on the Prayer Book was of exactly the same character as the other Gallup polls. In any case, the Gallup poll is about all that we have that has any sort of claim to objectivity. Its results certainly accord—for whatever that is worth—with my own experience in my parish church in New England and with what I have heard from Episcopalian friends throughout the country.

I was present at the press conference where Mr. Gallup presented his report and where he answered questions about it. I remember talking at that time with a young priest, the representative of one of our Church papers. He had not been impressed. The Gallup report, he maintained was not the voice of the Episcopal Church. He did not specify what that voice was, but clearly it was and is the voice of those who control the ecclesiastical machinery. This young priest did not expect the Episcopal Church to retain the traditional Prayer Book, and of course he was proved right, for later that year the Convention of the Church at Denver made the revised Prayer Book the Church's official Prayer Book.

It did vote, however, that the traditional Prayer Book might be used under certain circumstances. But the use was, among other things, conditional on the permission of the bishop of the diocese and on that of the rector or vicar of the parish—permission that the layman quickly found was not always forthcoming.

Not long ago what I take to be the official voice of the Church was heard through the Reverend Richard J.

The results [of the 1979 Gallup poll] showed that the laity overwhelmingly favored the traditional book. Preference for the traditional Prayer Book was approximately three to one.

Anderson, the executive for communications for the Episcopal Church. He deposed that "the intent of the Denver Conference was to change, not to use [the old Prayer Book] for ever and ever. The proposal [to allow use of the traditional Prayer Book] did not authorize the use of the old on the same basis as the new forever."

Consequently it seems reasonable to regard the Denver proposal as merely a sop to the conservative man in the pew, just as in the 1979 Prayer Book, Rite I—a rite using traditional language and bearing a fairly close resemblance to the traditional book—is a sop, to the older parishioners who cannot get used to the newer rite. When the older generation dies off, that problem will have solved itself. The future clearly belongs to the radically revised Rite II.

In view of such changes and some subsequent defections from its membership, what is the future for the Episcopal Church in America? I am no prophet and it behooves me to be very chary of predictions. In this essay I have been primarily concerned to show how the Church has been affected by (perhaps has compromised with?) the forces of liberal secularism. The revised Prayer Book seems to me an excellent barometer for recording these changes. The very fact that the new Prayer Book was adopted against the wishes of an overwhelming majority of the rank-and-file communicants may also have some significance in any speculation on the future of the Episcopal Church.

Will the Episcopal Church continue to lose disaffected members? Again, I prefer not to prophesy. The breakaway churches, such as the Anglican Catholic, may or may not swell their ranks with dissident Episcopalians. A number of my Episcopalian friends have become members of the Anglican Catholic Church; others have become Roman Catholics or Greek Orthodox. But who knows with any certainty what will happen?

Yet the Episcopal Church as newly reorganized has already received one snub that must hurt. Episcopal leaders tended to shrug off the warnings that the Roman Catholics and the Orthodox churches might be disturbed by the Episcopal Church's ordination of female priests. They pointed out that the Roman Catholic Church includes many who favor the priesting of women, and they predicted that eventually such ordination will come about in the Roman Catholic Church too. They even surmised that the role of the Episcopal Church is to lead the way. A few months ago, however, Rome spoke to this effect: it offered a haven to those Episcopalians who have been dismayed by their Church's ordination of women, and indicated that even married Anglican clergymen might become Roman Catholic priests in something like a Uniate status; if married, they would not have to give up their wives and would be allowed to retain most of their Anglican liturgy.

The feasibility or desirabilty of this step for either dissident Episcopalians or for the Roman Church itself is not my point here; rather, it is Rome's implicit rejection of the hopes of the Episcopalian establishment and Rome's apparent willingness to come to some kind of terms with disaffected Episcopalians.

As earlier noted, the Episcopal Church has long been regarded not only as an umbrella church which could offer shelter to quite disparate groups. It has also been regarded as a "bridge church," a church that stood in a mediate position between Protestantism and Catholicism, both Greek and Roman, and therefore a body that held out a promise of someday bringing about the unification of Christendom.

In Joyce's *Ulysses*, Stephen Dedalus sardonically defines a pier as a disappointed bridge, a bridge that has not made it across the water to the other side. At the moment, the Episcopal Church would seem to be a disappointed bridge. On one side, it is now all the more firmly anchored to the shore of what may well become a large American pan-Protestant church. But the Roman—not to mention the Orthodox—bridgehead looms even farther away. ✠

Cleanth Brooks is well-known to our readers and to students of the English language the world over. This article is taken from a pamphlet written for The Prayer Book Society,Louisville, Kentucky. The essay also appeared in *The American Scholar*.

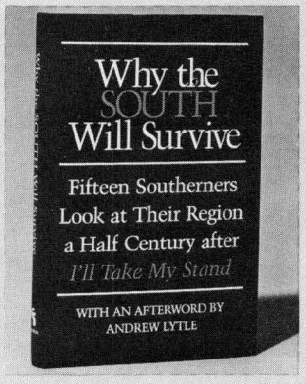
A paperback for courses in American Studies, Southern History, and Southern Literature

Why the South Will Survive

BY FIFTEEN SOUTHERNERS

Indispensable for anyone interested in the modern South

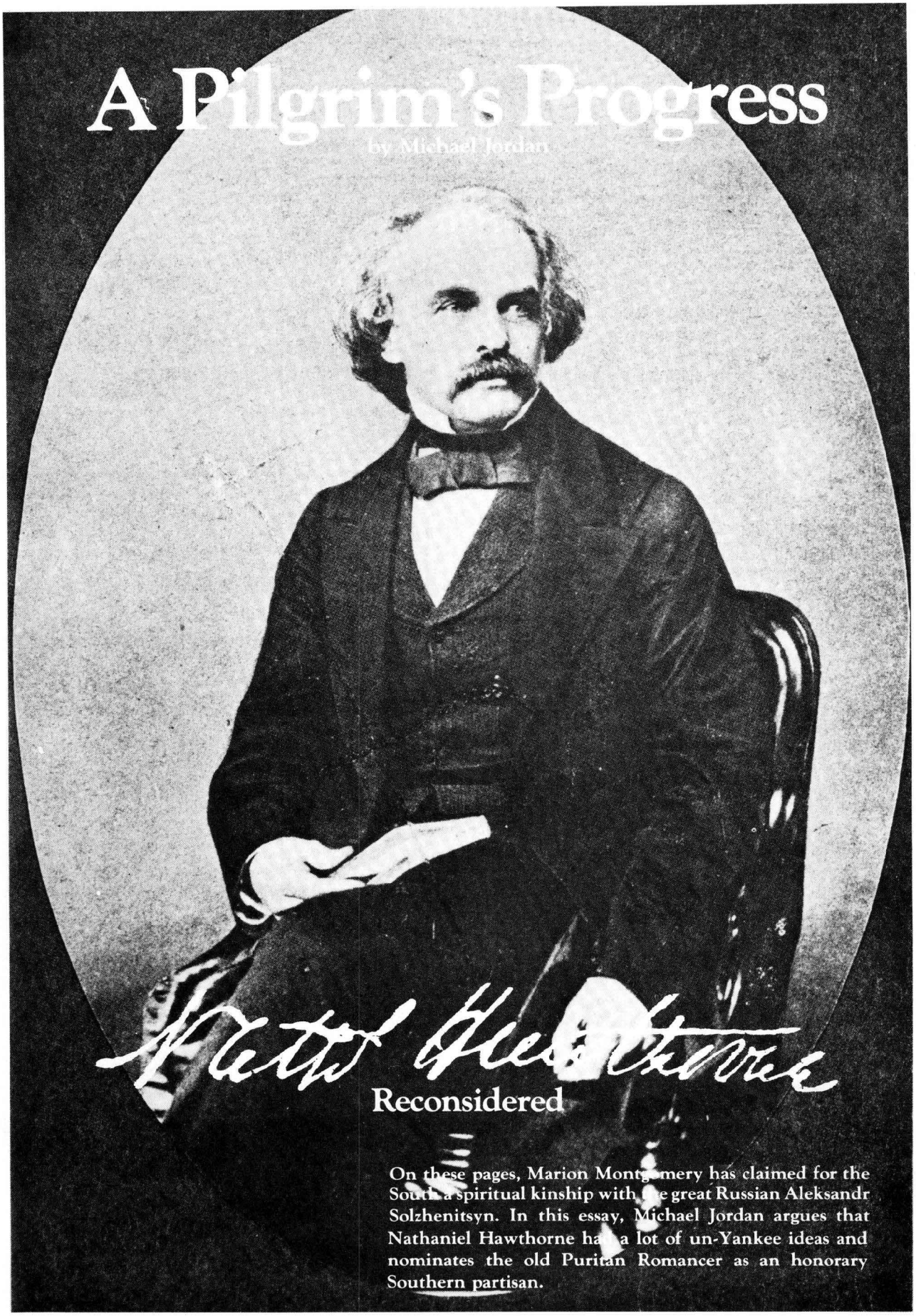
"In these fifteen provocative essays by a varied group of Southerners, the complex and vital role that the Southern self-interpretation has played in American history is strikingly reasserted"—Lewis P. Simpson. "Perhaps the special value of a book like *Why the South Will Survive*, celebrating and asserting the stubborn durability of a regional consciousness, is this: It reminds us of Thomas Jefferson's belief that America is above all an experimental nation, whose future was to be open-ended and various. . . . I have read a gross of works on the Southern theme in my time and I know originality when I see it"—Edwin M. Yoder, Jr. 240 pages. 1981. $16.00 cloth; $8.00 paper.


Why the SOUTH Will Survive
Fifteen Southerners Look at Their Region a Half Century after
I'll Take My Stand
WITH AN AFTERWORD BY ANDREW LYTLE

The University of Georgia Press
Athens, Georgia 30602

A Pilgrim's Progress

by Michael Jordan



Nathaniel Hawthorne Reconsidered

On these pages, Marion Montgomery has claimed for the South a spiritual kinship with the great Russian Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. In this essay, Michael Jordan argues that Nathaniel Hawthorne had a lot of un-Yankee ideas and nominates the old Puritan Romancer as an honorary Southern partisan.

At first glance, Nathaniel Hawthorne seems the quintessential Yankee, one not at all likely to be claimed or adopted by Southerners. His great, great, great grandfather, William Hathorne, came to America with John Winthrop's company in 1630. William and his son John were Puritans; they are conspicuous in history books as great persecutors of Quakers and witches. The second Hathorne born in America was a farmer, while the next two heirs, Daniel and Nathaniel (the last, father to the novelist) were shipmasters. So our Nathaniel, who added the "w" to his family's name in deference to its ancient spelling, was from Salem, Massachusetts, and he descended from old New England stock. To make matters worse for this claim of kinship with Hawthorne, he was married to Sophia Peabody, whose sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, were very active in much of New England's avant-gardism: Transcendentalism, abolitionism, and social and educational reform movements.

Men who have studied Hawthorne's life and writings have called him a Transcendentalist, a Puritan agnostic, a Puritan, a Christian humanist, a conservative Unitarian, and a pilgrim on his way to Rome. In various stages of his life, and in selected passages from his journals, sketches and fiction, he does evince aspects of all of the above except Puritan agnosticism. As far as I know, no one has ever called him a Southern sympathizer. Yet he can be claimed as a Southern partisan in view of several of his distinctly Southern attitudes.

Consider his attitude toward the Constitution, abolitionists, slavery, Providence, and human nature in his campaign biography of Franklin Pierce (1852):

> *. . . merely human wisdom and human efforts cannot subvert slavery, except by tearing to pieces the Constitution, breaking the pledges which it sanctions, and severing into distracted fragments that common country which Providence brought into one nation, through a continued miracle of almost two hundred years, . . . The statesman of practical sagacity—who loves his country as it is, and evolves good from things as they exist, and who demands to feel his firm grasp upon a better reality before he quits the one already gained—will be likely here, with all the greatest statesmen of America, to stand in the attitude of a conservative. . . . Those Northern men, therefore, who deem the great cause of human welfare as represented and involved in this present hostility against Southern institutions, and who conceive that the world stands still except so far as it goes forward—these, it may be allowed, can scarcely give their sympathy or their confidence to the subject of this memoir. But there is still another view, and probably as wise a one. It looks upon slavery as one of those evils which divine Providence does not leave to be remedied by human contrivances, but which, in its own good time, by some means impossible to be anticipated, but of the simplest and easiest operation, when all its uses shall have been fulfilled, it causes to vanish like a dream. There is no instance, in all history, of the human will and intellect having perfected any great moral reform by methods which it adapted to that end; but the progress of the world, at every step, leaves some evil or wrong on the path behind it, which the wisest of mankind, of their own set purpose, could never found the way to rectify.*

Hawthorne detested abstractions and rigid systems of thought. This disposition of his should endear him to Southerners, who care little for rationalistic systems and dialectical methods of thought, but who always like a good story.

In his journal he claimed to be "more of an abolitionist in feeling than in principle," and in "Chiefly About War Matters," originally published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1862, he expressed doubts as to the wisdom of immediate emancipation of Negroes who would be forced to "fight a hard battle with the world, on very unequal terms." In this same wartime article, he dissented from the "enlightened" New England views of Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, and Henry Ward Beecher, who thought the terrorist-reformer John Brown an unjustly punished hero, and said, "Nobody was ever more justly hanged." Emerson's claim that Brown's death "made the Gallows as venerable as the Cross" dumbfounded Hawthorne: he doubted New England's sage could say anything so ridiculous about the death of a "bloodstained fanatic."

Reform movements were plentiful in Hawthorne's day, and he took a typically Southern approach to many of them. At first he was beguiled by Brook Farm, a reform community which aspired to regenerate society. He later described his one year there as "my fellowship of toil and impracticable schemes with the dreamy brethren." He thought "a Reformer untrammelled by his theory" as rare as a beautiful woman without vanity. All too often the reformer brandished "his one idea like an iron flail," as did Hollingsworth in *The Blithedale Romance.* In his journal, Hawthorne gives this sketch of the "modern reformer" of his day—one given to "extreme doctrines on the subject of slaves, cold water, and other such topics." "He goes about the streets haranguing most eloquently, and is on the point of making many converts, when his labors are suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the keeper of a mad-house, whence he has escaped."

Reformers are often blind to reality because they have gazed too hard and long at their own idea of system. Hawthorne detested abstractions and rigid systems of thought. Jorge Luis Borges has correctly observed that Hawthorne, "thought in images, in intuitions, . . . not with a dialectical mechanism." This disposition of his should endear him to Southerners, who care little for rationalistic systems and dialectical methods of thought but who always like a good story.

Much has been said (and rightly so) about the Southerner's sense of place, his attachments to the home ground, to his community, to his region. Part and parcel with this sense of place is a concern for history. In this respect Hawthorne also proves himself Southern-minded. He was a regional man, steeped in the history and life of New England, no cosmopolite. Like the Southern writers described by

As a regional man Hawthorne realized that the region—not the Union or the General Government—should be the object of his allegiance, and he allowed every Southerner to have the same loyalty to his state and region.

Louis Simpson, Hawthorne had made a "covenant with memory and history." So much of what he wrote about was extracted from the human heart. The stage for his dramas was usually his home place, a literary device basic to Southern writers.

The moral and spiritual world in Hawthorne's fiction also bears the regional stamp. Now, Hawthorne was not a full-blooded Puritan, but the old faith of his fathers left its mark on him. Because of this mark, he could not freely or comfortably breathe the genial, optimistic air of William Ellery Channings' Unitarianism, nor could he tolerate Emerson's Transcendental flights. For his settings Hawthorne utilized the geography of New England; for a moral and spiritual atmosphere, he drew upon the fundamental faith of old New England.

As a regional man Hawthorne realized that the region—not the Union or the General Government—should be the object of his allegiance, and he allowed every Southerner to have the same loyalty to his state and region. These are his reflections on the matter in the wartime article:

> *The anomaly of two allegiances (of which that of the State comes nearest home to a man's feelings, and includes the altar and the hearth, while the General Government claims his devotion only to an airy mode of law, and has no symbol but a flag) is exceedingly mischievous . . .; for it has converted crowds of honest people—Southerners—into traitors, who seem to themselves not merely innocent, but patriotic. . . . In the vast extent of our country, too vast by far to be taken into one small human heart, we inevitably limit to our own State, or, at farthest, to our own section, that sentiment of physical love for the soil which renders an Englishman, for example, so intensely sensitive to the dignity and well being of his little island, that one hostile foot, treading anywhere upon it, would make a bruise on each individual breast. If a man loves his own State, therefore, and is content to be ruined with her, let us shoot him, if we can, but allow him an honorable burial in the soil he fights for.*

At the close of his article Hawthorne offered yet another opinion which shows sympathy, even admiration, for the South. He noted that there were, no doubt, Southern spies and sympathizers in Washington. Some men there would have liked to see the North pushed back to the Mason-Dixon line. "It is no wonder," he said, "and, if we look at the matter generously, no unpardonable crime."

The text of "Chiefly About War Matters" was so sympathetic with the Southern cause that the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* cancelled various paragraphs. For those disturbing passages which were not axed, to mollify the editor and his own readers, Hawthorne himself added explanatory footnotes which appear to issue from a disapproving editor. The tone and the content of the article show an unusual sympathy toward Southern views.

Hawthorne made more than a few enemies when he wrote the *Life of Franklin Pierce.* The Southern views therein were intolerable to many Yankee abolitionists, and, it should be remembered, he lived in the thick of them. For example, Hawthorne was acquainted with at least four of the Secret Six, those inspirational and financial backers of John Brown about whom Otto Scott has written in the pages of *The Southern Partisan.* The wartime article certainly did not win him any new friends in the North. Likewise, when he dedicated *Our Old Home* (1863) to Franklin Pierce, considered a scoundrel by many Northerners, he upset even more Yankees.*

The compatibility of Hawthorne's thinking with the Southern mind is best illustrated when we compare Hawthorne with his neighbor Ralph Waldo Emerson. The record shows that Hawthorne was little influenced by the Transcendentalist movement. Through it all, Hawthorne retained the faith of his fathers.

Emerson was a great foe of Christian orthodoxy, one of America's most famous nineteenth century anti-Christian heroes. He sought to sever the *chains* of religious custom, dogma and tradition. He sought to free men from binding links to the past, urging them, in his own phrase, to "enjoy an original relation to the universe." In "Spiritual Laws" he reveals his blind optimism:

> *Our young people are diseased with the theological problems of original sin, origin of evil, predestination, and the like. These never presented a practical difficulty to any man,—never darkened across any man's road, who did not got out of his way to seek them.*

Like the monkey, Emerson pretended to see no evil, speak no evil, and hear no evil. For this reason Allan Tate dubbed him the "Lucifer of Concord." He was, said Tate, "the light-bearer who could see nothing but light, and was fearfully blind." There were men of letters in New England who could see the darkness around them. Before he put the lurid glow of hell into his own stories, Herman Melville saw it in Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846). In his review of *Mosses,* he wrote that the "great power of blackness" in Hawthorne "derives its force from its appeal to that Calvinistic sense of Innate Depravity and Original Sin, from whose visitations, in some shape or another, no deeply thinking mind is always and wholly free."

So while Emerson lectured and wrote essays urging men to trust and obey themselves, to be self-reliant and optimistic, to forget the past, to deny the existence of evil, and to believe that man was both naturally good and a lover of the truth, Hawthorne and later Melville were quietly writing tales and sketches which confounded and contradicted the sage's philosophy. In "The Birthmark," Hawthorne writes of Aylmer, a Baconian scientist newly wed to Georgiana. Aylmer hopes to remove the one flaw in his wife's beauty: a

"If a man loves his own State, therefore, and is content to be ruined with her, let us shot him, if we can, but allow him an honorable burial in the soil he fights for."

small, crimson, hand-shaped birthmark on her cheek. By means of science and magic (and the two are strangely intermixed in the sorcerer-scientist's laboratory experiments), Aylmer causes the birthmark to disappear. What price does he pay for his success? The cost of perfection is dear: his wife dies, "and her soul, lingering a moment near her husband, took its heavenward flight."

Hawthorne describes the birthmark in such a way that there can be no uncertainty as to its significance. It is "the visible mark of earthly imperfection," a "crimson stain upon the snow."

A more powerful and appropriate symbol for Original Sin is difficult to find in any literature. Georgiana's blemish was present at birth as is Original Sin; it was inherited from parents, and it marred beauty. Hawthorne is careful to indicate that it marred spiritual as well as physical beauty. Georgiana complained of the "firm gripe" of the little hand, and Aylmer had clairvoyantly discovered that it was not a superficial flaw, crying out desperately in his sleep: "It is in her heart now; we must have it out."

In "Earth's Holocaust," a similar scheme falls short and shows again that sin is not so easily abolished. The sketch begins with the timeless statement of the fairy tale: "Once upon a time" zealous Romantics convene on a great plain to regenerate the world and usher in the millennium. They intend to accomplish this by means of a universal "busk," a ceremony of purification in which all the world's "worn-out trumpery," all that is associated with the iniquitous past, is destroyed by fire. One by one the symbols of authority which signify distinctions of rank, of office are tossed into the fire; all the spice of life—spirituous liquors, coffee, tea, and tobacco; all implements of war; all instruments used to inflict capital punishment: headmen's axes, guillotines, and the gallows. Some enlightened antinomians burn their marriage certificates. Others destroy paper money, coin, and credit notes. Some anarchists in the mob, drunk with excitement, longing for the unfettered rule of Reason and Philanthropy, demand that "all written constitutions, set forms of government, legislative acts, statute-books, and everything else on which human invention had endeavored to stamp its arbitrary laws should at once be destroyed, leaving the consummated world as free as the man first created."

After title deeds and the world's literature are cast into the hungry flames, the narrator wonders if there is anything left to reform. There is. The last things thrown into the fire are items of religious significance—ministerial garments, crosses, statues, sacramental goblets, relics, baptismal fonts, the simple New England meeting-house pulpits, and finally the Bible. These men, like many in our day, intend to live by bread alone.

When nothing is left to fuel the raging fire, the hangman, the last thief, the last murderer and the last toper gather together and despondantly drink the toper's last bottle of brandy which he has rescued from the flames. They are ready to hang themselves, for a perfect world without evil does not appeal to them. How would they pass the time? Then a "dark-visaged stranger," with glowing red eyes, joins this desolate party and offers these words of cheer: "Be not so cast down, my dear friends; you shall see good days yet. There's one thing these wiseacres have forgotten to throw into the fire, and without which all the rest of the conflageration is just nothing at all."

This one thing is the human heart. "O, take my word for it," the devil tells them, "it will be the old world yet!" in the same old shapes "or worse ones."

The narrator, not so naive now, supplies the theme: "The heart, the heart—there was the little yet boundless sphere wherein existed the original wrong of which the crime and misery of this outward world were merely types."

To the new faith in man and his infinite perfectibility (as offered by Emerson) Hawthorne dogmatically said, as Herman Melville so aptly put it, "No, in thunder." Hawthorne knew—and Emerson did not—that man had been expelled from Paradise, and that Heaven will come to earth only when Christ returns.

At the front and center of Hawthorne's vision is fallen man, stained by sin and guilt and afflicted with sorrow and evil. At the front and center of Emerson's vision is divinized man, basking in self-approbation and soaring through Transcendental insight into human and societal perfection. Russell Kirk says that Hawthorne "restored to the American mind that doctrine of sin which Emerson and his school so studiously ignored." I view this restoration as a significant part of his great achievement and as a compelling argument for Hawthorne's kinship with the South.

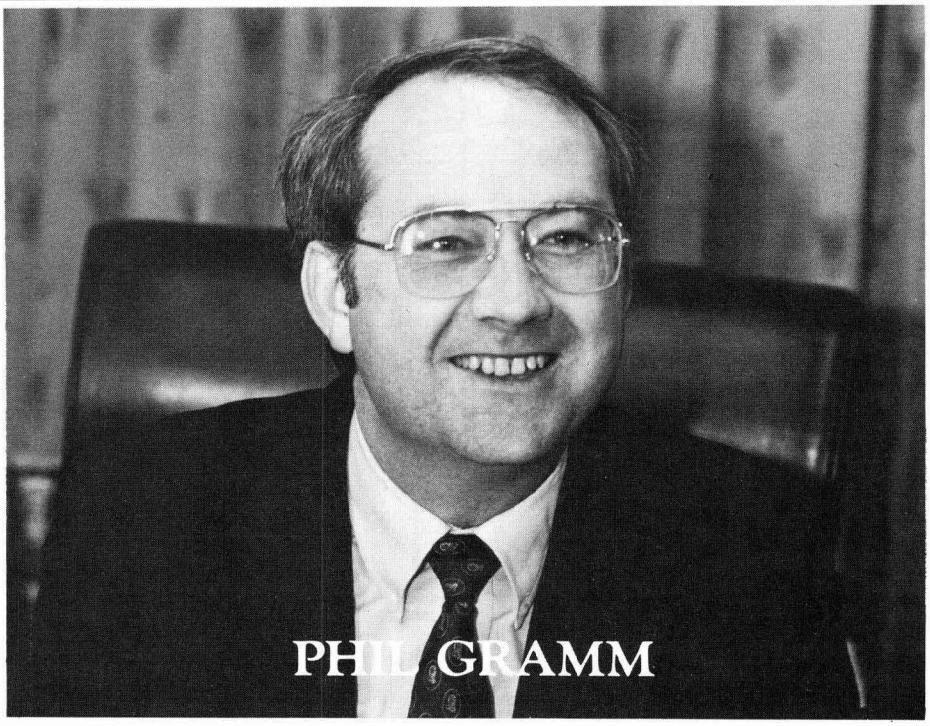
Randall Stewart in his Forword to *The Literature of the South* and Flannery O'Connor in *Mystery and Manners*, among others, observe that sin and evil are vital elements of the Southern world view. "Sin is," says Stewart, "still to be reckoned with" in the South. O'Connor speaks of the Southerner's "knowledge that evil is not simply a problem to be solved, but a mystery to be endured."

For the most part, of course, the children of Emerson have carried the day. There is little restraint and less piety left in the modern world, but the old world view can still be found in pockets of orthodoxy and religious conservatism. A remnant of old believers exists in the United States. Many of them live south of the Mason-Dixon line. If I knew these Southerners were reading Nathaniel Hawthorne, I would say they have him to thank for their good sense, but they read their Bibles, and that is better. Yet they would find a kindred spirit in Hawthorne, a Yankee with a Southern soul, a man who told stories well worth listening to. ⊠

**Hawthorne's publisher, James T. Fields, tried to dissuade him from dedicating* Our Old Home *to so unpopular a public figure. Hawthorne replied: "If the public of the North see fit to ostracize me for this, I can only say that I would gladly sacrifice a thousand or two of dollars rather than retain the good will of such a herd of dolts and mean-spirited scoundrels."*

Michael Jordan is a PhD candidate at the University of Georgia. He taught English at the Webb School in Bell Buckle, Tennessee.

A Partisan Conversation



United States Congressman Phil Gramm is not a man whose nature allows him to "go with the flow" in Washington, D.C. He is a fighter from Texas who has ruffled enough feathers to make the halls of Congress look like the inside of a hen house.

Gramm was first elected to Congress in 1978 from the Sixth Congressional District of the Lone Star State, a district whose voters had always been represented by Democrats. Phil Gramm was no exception. He came to Washington as a Southern conservative Democrat determined to do his part to set the country right.

"Gramm, you're not the only conservative who has ever come up here from the South," he was told by a senior Democrat. You'll do well politically, the fatherly advice continued, if you'll always vote with the leadership on the close votes. Do as you like when it doesn't matter and say whatever you want to say back home, but always go with the leadership on the close votes.

Gramm shot back that he wasn't elected to be a phony. When it came to the key issue of the Ninety-Seventh Congress—the budget—Gramm voted his conviction, with Reagan, to cut taxes and cut spending. So it was that the straight-shooting Texan became Washington's most celebrated "boll weevil," the bizarre title given to the handful of conservative Democrats whose swing votes gave Reagan his Congressional majority.

Tip O'Neill and his lieutenants were furious, and the decision was made to make of Gramm an example for all to see. In an unprecedented reprisal, Gramm was stripped of his assignment to the House Budget Committee and placed in a position of legislative impotence. So without hesitation Gramm: (1) quit the Democratic Party, (2) resigned his seat in Congress, and (3) announced his candidacy in a special election to fill his old seat as a Republican.

"Ah, ha!," the liberal Democrats thought, "we've got him now." Ten opponents faced Gramm for the seat, but he won an historic victory with 55.3% of the vote on the first ballot. So, as Gramm put it, "The right thing to do turned out to be the smart thing to do."

Gramm, who holds a PhD in economics from the University of Georgia, is now fast becoming a major spokesman for conservative causes and he has proven that a Southerner can be elected to Congress without leaving his principles back home.

This exclusive Partisan *conversation was held in Gramm's Washington office. He was interviewed for us by Donald Baldwin, a Washington-based consultant in government relations.*

PARTISAN: Representative Gramm, when you found the "no welcome" mat spread out for you by the national Democratic leadership, you switched parties. Do you recommend such a course to other conservative Southern Democrats who have found their views ignored?

GRAMM: Let me outline the position I found myself in, trying to work with the Democratic party. Clearly, within the national party, there is an unwritten set of rules imposed on Southern conservatives.

As a member of the House leadership explained it to me as part of some fatherly advice, "Gramm, you are not the only conservative that has ever come up here from the South. Many conservative Democrats have done well politically in Washington, but they did not get out front and oppose the House leadership. They voted with the party on very close votes. If we needed their votes, they voted with us; but if we didn't need their votes, they could vote against us, and they could

criticize the House Democratic leadership at home with impunity. Within that system, they were accepted."

My basic response was that they were throwing the contest. The people of my District did not send me to Washington to protest. They sent me to Washington to win, to try to change the direction of the country. I was not willing to live within a set of constraints that forced me to be a phony.

My crime in the eyes of the House Democratic leadership was that I tried to win, and, worse yet, I did win on the key issue of the 97th Congress, the budget. The House leadership decided in retribution that they were going to strip me of my House budget committee assignment. It seemed to me that such punishment was unacceptable, really, for two reasons. Number one, it was punishing me for doing what I was elected to do. I was being punished for practicing in Washington what I preached back home, and while that may be unorthodox, it ought not to be criminal.

Secondly, I felt that the people of my district were being disenfranchised by my being kicked off the committee merely because I had a different philosophy from that of the leadership. Had I gone along with them, I would still be on the committee. I decided that I could not in good conscience remain a Democrat and stay in a party that was committed to preserving a spending spree that I had been elected to end and that I felt had crippled the nation, threatened our position in world leadership, robbed our workers and retirees, and produced most of the problems that I have spent my political and academic career trying to deal with.

On the other hand, I had been elected as a Democrat, and I felt that there would be people in my district who would view it as dishonest if I simply changed parties. Especially since this was the fifth of January and the session was only two days old. So, after long and prayerful deliberation, I decided that the only honorable thing to do was resign from Congress and run again as a Republican.

I went home and resigned from Congress; then I announced my candidacy as a Republican. We had never had a Republican Congressman from my district. Only three Republican presidential candidates had ever carried my district. One of them was Eisenhower; one Nixon against McGovern. Those were two runaway elections. The third was Ronald Reagan. No senatorial or gubernatorial candidate as a Republican has ever carried my district.

I had ten opponents, and I had to get 50 percent plus 1 to avoid a runoff. I got 55.3 percent of the vote. Needless to say, I was pleased with the outcome.

In this case the right decision was also, in retrospect, the smart decision, and that is the way the world ought to be. Do I recommend that other people follow this long, hard, rocky road in changing parties? I think it would depend on the circumstances, but I do believe this: Southern conservatives who want to have an impact on national policy cannot have that impact as Democrats. By staying in the Democratic party and by working within the Democratic structure they make it possible for the Tip O'Neills and Jim Wrights to govern.

The national Democratic party is not an effective avenue of conservative change because it is dominated by the social welfare lobby, by the labor unions, by the government employees, by the environmentalists, and other anti-growth forces. It is counterproductive to keep the national Democratic party the majority party, and therefore allow the liberals to govern. The liberals are able to govern because conservatives, especially in the South and Southwest, continue to work within the framework of the national Democratic party, thereby making the national Democratic party the majority party. The country is still governed in the Congress by minority opinion and by the liberal economic philosophy. That situation is made possible by the fact that the South, because of the Civil War, has traditionally been Democratic.

PARTISAN: In the 1960's, in the days of the late Congressman Howard Smith of Virginia, we had a different situation. The Southern conservatives held leadership positions, like Judge Smith's as chairman of the powerful Rules Committee. They were powerful and influential. There was a working bipartisan caucus between Southern conservatives and Republican leaders, and this coalition prevailed for the most part on crucial economic issues.

But all that has changed now. The Southerner's influence in the Democratic party is now non-existent. Do you think there is a possibility that more conservative Democrats might follow your lead and switch parties?

GRAMM: Well, let me respond by saying it has become impossible for someone like Judge Smith to hold a dominant position as a conservative within the Democratic party. Secondly, with the change in the rules and the emergence of "king caucus," as it is called, whereby the full Democratic caucus votes on whether a person can even hold a subcommittee chairmanship, if they are challenged, increasing pressure is put on the Southern conservative to conform to the House Democratic leadership's view on key issues. And finally, with action against me, a conservative was actually stripped of a committee assignment, something which would have been unthinkable in the 1940's and 1950's.

Basically what you have is very intense pressure from the House Democratic leadership on Southern conservatives to throw the contest. Southern conservative Democrats can talk as conservatively as they want to; they can cast conservative votes on meaningless roll calls. But, when it gets right down to the key vote, there is tremendous political pressure to throw the contest despite what you state your opinions are at home and what the people of your district believe.

Now, how this works is a bit complicated: When conservative Democrats can't openly vote with the leadership for political reasons, the simple solution is to muddy the water. The vote is usually couched in terms of procedure, whereby you vote on the rule or prohibit an amendment from being offered. We saw that in this Congress. The organizing rule of the House prohibits riders on appropriations, thereby eliminating votes on things like prayer in school and Federal funding of abortion. The problem is not as bad in the Senate, but it exists there, too. By casting a vote for a Democrat, no matter how

conservative he may be, you are still casting a vote for national leadership in the House and the Senate that will be dedicated to promotion of programs that conservatives are opposed to. If you have two congressional candidates running, non-incumbents, one a conservative Democrat, one a conservative Republican, the Democrat, if elected, is going to be under continual pressure to do the wrong thing on key issues in order to be successful politically in the House.

The Republican, by and large, will be under pressure to do the right thing. There is no guarantee that the Democrat will do the wrong thing and the Republican will do the right thing, but the Lord did not make many zealots. And it takes a zealot to stand up to that kind of continual pressure. If your objective is to promote a conservative government, you are better off electing Republicans. The truth is that there are a lot of Democrats in the South who claim to be conservative in their districts, but, who every day throw the contest up here in the Congress, where the liberals control the national Democratic party.

PARTISAN: Is it fair to say that the Democratic leadership is basically socialist philosophically and politically?

GRAMM: Neither party is homogeneous, of course. Take a gut issue vote on the size and power of the federal government or the issue of property rights. You are going to have maybe twenty or thirty Democrats who will vote conservative and 200 to 220 that are going to vote liberal. On the Republican side you are going to have about 20 that will vote liberal, and you are going to have the rest, 160 or so, voting conservative. That difference really shows itself in the leadership of the House of Representatives. There is no conservative, as we would use the term, in a top leadership position in the House or the Senate on the Democratic side of the aisle. There is not a liberal, as we would use the term, in any Republican leadership position in either the House or the Senate. I don't think that could be any clearer.

PARTISAN: Then your conclusion is that Southern conservatives will have a hard time being effective if they continue to stand for election as Democrats?

GRAMM: There is no doubt that a Southern conservative will continually find himself in a position of conflict with his constituents on one hand and the House Democratic leadership on the other. For those who represent their constituency and who practice in Washington what they preach back home, they would basically fall into one or two patterns. One pattern would be like former Congressman David Satterfield, distinguished representative from Virginia, who was a member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. I served on the committee with him when I first came to Congress. He had been passed over four times for a subcommittee chairmanship and was denied any leadership position on the committee despite his seniority, despite his distinguished record, and despite the fact that he was an expert in the subject matter.

Dave Satterfield's problem was that he was a *real* conservative. He would not play the game of preaching one thing at home and practicing another in Washington. There is only one little area in Congress where conservatives can get along, and that is if they serve on the Armed Forces Committee. It is sort of an unwritten rule of the system that this is an area where conservatives can serve and can become committee chairman, or subcommittee chairman. However, with the conflict between the defense and social welfare spending, even that is beginning to change.

PARTISAN: Let me get into something kind of dear to my heart. I originated the first balance-the-budget committee on the national level for a client of mine—National Taxpayer's Union. We had a bipartisan chairmanship: former Treasury Secretary Simon, a Republican; former Texas Governor Briscoe, a Democrat and former Governor Reid of Maine, an Independent. Other organizations have now gotten involved. The people strongly support this needed constitutional amendment. What prospects do you see this year for approval of a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced federal budget?

GRAMM: The House leadership last year tried to prevent the bill from coming to the floor for a vote.

PARTISAN: By the House leadership, do you mean the Speaker?

GRAMM: The Speaker, the Majority Leader, and the Chairman of the Rules Committee.

They refused to pass the constitutional amendment out of committee despite the fact that a majority of the members of the House had co-sponsored the bill. We got together a discharge petition—218 members had to sign it in order to bring the bill to the floor for a vote. We started getting signatures. As we got closer to the 218 mark, the House leadership started to squeeze some of our conservative Democratic members to take their names off. We had a member from Texas who signed it and then, under pressure from the House Leadership, removed his name.

We had other Texas members from very conservative districts who would not sign the discharge petition, even though they were co-sponsors, because of pressure from the House leadership. Finally, we got the 218 signatures, and we got it up for a vote. The House leadership offered a phony amendment as a substitute which basically said the House will balance the budget if and when they find it desirable.

About 55 members voted for the phony amendment and against the real amendment. They went back to their districts and said, "Yeah, I was for a balanced budget amendment, but I didn't like the one they were voting on." The one they voted for had been cooked up in the Capitol the night before as a smokescreen and the real amendment had been put together by a Nobel prize-winning economist and constitutional scholars and had been debated throughout the country for months. Again, the problem is accountability under those circumstances. We got a majority vote in the House, but we did not get the required two-thirds vote. We will not get the two-thirds vote in this Congress. In fact I think it will be very difficult to get it up for another vote at all. I would like to see the Senate pass it again, and I would like to bring it to the House

and have another run at trying to get it out for a vote. People have the right to know who is for real and who is not for real in terms of fiscal responsibility in Washington.

PARTISAN: The President's Private Sector Survey on Cost Control, headed by the Chairman of the Board of the W.R. Grace Company, Mr. J. Peter Grace, assisted by 160 other prominent chief executives and administrative officers of top corporations across the country, raised over $2,000,000 to finance a survey on cost control. It was paid for totally by corporate funding. We can save more than sixty billion dollars a year, according to the report. But Mr. Grace and his committee tell us that Congressional action is necessary.

What do you think the prospects are for getting some of the Grace committee recommendations through the Congress?

GRAMM: Let me first say that you need to recognize that our problem in spending is not simply one of failure to identify the proper economic course. I think everybody recognizes that lowering the deficit would be in the interest of the nation, of its workers, and the economy as a whole. Anything we do to reduce spending and lower the deficit will have an impact on lowering interest rates. It will stimulate economic growth, and create jobs.

The problem is that at the end of the line at each one of these programs there is somebody with their hand out, wanting something from the federal government. At a time when we are facing record deficits, I think it is very instructive to look at the economic proposals of the House Democratic leadership: the so-called Democratic alternative to economic recovery. It was a budget that was not really an economic document aimed at dealing with the nation's economic problems. It was a political document aimed basically at saying that the Democratic leadership of the country was still concerned about every pro-spending special interest. In fact, they are more concerned about them than about economic recovery. The leadership of the House wanted to slash defense not just below Reagan's proposal, but below the level carried in the last Carter budget proposal. They wanted to raise income taxes by 27 billion dollars this year, a hundred billion dollars by 1988.

That is a thousand dollars per year for the average working family in this country in new income taxes. In fact, they raised the deficit so that they could add 42 billion dollars of *new* spending programs, putting back all of the savings that we have achieved over the last two years and starting ten totally new federal spending programs. Not only does the House Democratic leadership show no inclination to follow the proposal outlined in the Grace committee's reports, they show every indication of going back to the tax-and-spend policy of the 1970's that produced the very problems we are trying to deal with today.

PARTISAN: So conservative Democrats are still being used by their national leadership to control the Congress. And most of those are conservative Democrats from the South. What is your message to them?

GRAMM: As long as the South is dominated by the national Democratic party and the national Democratic party is in turn dominated by the labor unions and the social welfare lobby and the government employees, then the viewpoint of the average conservative Southerner will not be represented in Washington. In order to change that, we have got to have young conservatives who are beginning to be successful in business and the professions to come into the Republican party and use it as an instrument for change in the country. The national Democratic party is no longer an effective engine for instituting change in national policy. It is dominated by the very groups who in the 1960's and 1970's produced the very problems we are trying to deal with today. But I am not very hopeful that we are going to get many established political figures to change parties. Even many business people who are conservative are trapped. They are going to continue to try to "change" the Democratic party even though they know it will not be changed. They have invested so much in their Democratic credentials that they cannot walk away.

PARTISAN: But the younger people coming along don't have the vested interest in power leadership and power politics.

GRAMM: That's right. If they want to find political influence, then they can certainly find a home in the Democratic party. If they want a change in the direction of the country, and if they are concerned about the future of the country and the future of their children, in my opinion the most effective way to change things is to join the Republican party and use it as an instrument for change. The Democratic party cannot, as it is currently constituted, be a vehicle for conservatives who want to change the direction of the country, who want to reaffirm the free enterprise system and who want to reaffirm the sovereignty of the individual.

PARTISAN: One final question. Would you consider running for United States Senate or running for Governor if the opportunity presented itself in Texas?

GRAMM: Senator John Tower is running for re-election; I am going to support him. At this point I am interested in finishing a job that I started here. I guess as co-author of the economic recovery program, I am as much identified with that program as anybody. I want to see this thing through to a successful conclusion. Before I could think of going off and running for something else, I want to see that this job is done. At this point I don't have other ambitions, but I am not going to write off that possibility.

H.L. MENCKEN
AND THE SOUTH

by Guy Brown

Every school boy knows that Mencken despised the South. Isn't that what "The Sahara of the Bozart" is all about? Well, yes. Guy Brown tells us that Mencken had no use at all for the Yankeefied New South. But what school boys aren't told is that Mencken had great praise for the Old South, a time and place that enjoyed that vague thing we call culture.

H. L. Mencken's "Sahara of the Bozart" is one of the most famous essays of 20th century American letters. Since its appearance in 1919, the essay has become widely regarded as Mencken's "slur on the South," as his acid-laced repudiation of Southern culture (indeed his assertion that the South had no culture).

"The Sahara of the Bozart" is a bit more complex than that. It is not really a slur at all, at least not a malicious one, and Mencken does not limit his attention to the shortcomings of the South. Indeed, his famous essay is more properly regarded as an endorsement of the Old South and an introduction to the high chivalric tradition in Southern letters. He spoke bitterly of the barreness of the New South because (as incredible as it may seem at first glance) Mencken was really a defender of the Faith, an apologist for the old order and a crusader for moonlight and magnolias.

Remember that Mencken was himself a Southern writer from Maryland, a Southern-leaning border state. As such he was influenced by the viewpoint of the post-bellum tradition in the South, especially the plantation romance, a form perfected (if not invented) in John Pendleton Kennedy's *Swallow Barn: Or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion*. Mississippi's Stark Young (*So Red the Rose*) and Tennessee's Allen Tate (*The Fathers*) are in this tradition. Other writers can be listed: Thomas Nelson Page, Augusta Evan Wilson, George Cary Eggleston, Mary Johnston. The works of all these writers (like J. Evetts Haley's "Plutarchian biographies") recall a lost way of life with nostalgia. But more than that, they offer a model they believe to be superior in most respects to the present. These writers, in other words, offer an implicit rebuke of contemporary reconstruction by offering a "counter-reconstruction" mingling "moonlight and magnolias" with elegiac defiance. Mencken's famous and misunderstood essay is rightly seen in that tradition.

The "Sahara of the Bozart" opens with lines that are easily among the most famous written about the South in this century:

> "*Alas, for the South! Her books have grown fewer—*
> *She never was much given to literature.*"

> *In the lamented J. Gordon Coogler, author of these elegiac lines, there was the insight of a true poet. He was the last bard of Dixie, at least in the legitimate line. Down there a poet is now almost as rare as an oboe-player, a dry-point etcher or a metaphysician. It is, indeed, amazing to contemplate so vast a vacuity. One thinks of the interstellar spaces, of the colossal reaches of the now mythical ether. Nearly the whole of Europe could be lost in that stupendous region of fat farms, shoddy cities and paralyzed cerebrums: one could throw in France, Germany and Italy, and still have room for the British Isles. And yet, for all its size and all its wealth and all the "progress" it babbles of, it is almost as sterile, artistically, intellecturally, culturally, as the Sahara Desert....The picture gives one the creeps... In brief, an intellectual Gobi hapland...A self-respecting European, going there to live, would not only find intellectual stimulation utterly lacking; he would actually feel a certain insecurity, as if the scene were the Balkans or the China Coast....[It is] senile [and] crass, gross, vulgar and obnoxious...a vast plain of mediocrity, stupidity, lethargy, almost of dead silence.*

On the other hand,

> *In the North, of course, there is also grossness, crassness, vulgarity. The North, in its way, is also stupid and obnoxious. But nowhere in the North is there such complete sterility, so depressing a lack of all civilized gesture and aspiration.*

The rest of the article is much less well-known than the lines quoted above. Hence, the "impulse that deserves respect" in the North is often imperfectly understood as Mencken's normative contrast to the Southern Sahara. In fact, this desolate picture, however accurate it may or may not have been, is much the same view as that of the post-bellum Southern plantation romancers. Using his own irreverent style, Mencken argues, in effect, that the 20th century South remains a frontier for Northern conquest and reconstruction. The South, until it is truly and finally conquered and reconstructed, will always be the "New Frontier." More surprising in this connection, perhaps, is the contrast Mencken goes on to present between the Northern and Southern people today. Indeed, his presentation does not portray Southerners as ignorant and coarse. In fact, his analysis of the Southern hierarchy parallels that of most post-bellum Southern apologists. Note Mencken's explanation of the reasons for the South's plight:

> *As for the cause of this unanimous torpor and doltishness, this curious and almost pathological estrangement from everything that makes a civilized culture, I have hinted at it already and now state it again. The South has simply been drained of all its best blood. The vast blood-letting of the Civil War half exterminated and wholly paralyzed the old aristocracy....The war not only cost a great many valuable lives; it also brought bankruptcy, demoralization and despair in its train.*

This was, of course, the theme of much late 19th century and early 20th century Southern writing, and Mencken agrees with Page and others that Southern defeat on the field of battle was the preeminent cause of the region's deterioration into a "Sahara of the Bozart." But he goes on to observe that the war actually did not take *all* of the Southern aristocracy. Many were left. Of these some went North after the war and added much to Yankee society, the only Northern gain from the war that he mentions at all:

> *They [the Southern gentry who came North] were fecund; their progeny is widely dispersed, to the great benefit of the North.*

In fact, Mencken explains, "A Southerner of good blood almost always does well in the North," because:

> *He finds, even in the big cities, surroundings fit for a man of condition. His peculiar qualities have a high social value, and are esteemed. He is welcomed by the codfish [viz. Yankee] aristocracy as one palpably superior.*

Thus even in Mencken's famous desert, the Southern gentleman remains superior to any class in the North, by which Mencken means any class in the country. And fur-

thermore, this superiority at the top is ever-so faintly reflected in the conduct of the lesser multitudes in their manners, their "civility." And in their worst aspects the ignorant masses of the South are seen as suffering corruption from an alien influence:

> *The tone of public opinion is set by an upstart class but lately emerged from industrial slavery into commercial enterprise—the class of "hustling" business men, of "live wires," of commercial club luminaries, of "drive" managers, of forward-lookers and right-thinkers—in brief of third-rate Southerners inoculated with all the worst traits of the Yankee sharper. One observes the curious effects of an old tradition of truculence upon a population now merely pushful and impudent, of an old tradition of chivalry upon a population now quite without imagination. The old repose is gone. The old romanticism is gone. The philistinism of the new type of town-boomer Southerner is not only indifferent to the ideals of the Old South; it is positively antagonistic to them.... It is inconceivably hollow and obnoxious. What remains of the ancient tradition is simply a certain charming civility in private intercourse—often broken down, alas, by the hot rages of intolerance, but still generally visible.*

Yet even with this preparation, the concluding sentences of the "Sahara of the Bozart" come as something of a shock to readers who know the essay only by reputation:

> *The Southerner, at his worst, is never quite the surly cad that the Yankee is.*

This means that Mencken's "Sahara of the Bozart" extends far beyond the boundaries of the South. Indeed, for Mencken, the only oasis to be found in the Sahara is where remnants of the Southern gentry still reside. As for the non-genteel Southerner, person-for-person, he is still the best part of the rest of the population:

> *His sensitiveness may betray him into occasional bad manners, but in the main he is a pleasant fellow—hospitable, polite, good-humored, even jovial.... But a bit absurd.... A bit pathetic.*

The lament in the closing paragraph of Mencken's famous article is the same as that found either explicitly or implicitly throughout the post-bellum school of Lost Cause romance. In 1922, Professor Jay B. Hubbell, then at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, attempted to account for this school by saying that their typical attitudes were colored more by Reconstruction than by defeat in battle. After the War, says Professor Hubbell, "The worst had not yet come." The South:

> *was not prepared for Reconstruction, which seemed to him an attempt to "Yankee-ize" him in mind and soul. Reconstruction appeared to him an attempt to force him to give up not only his ancient mode of living but even his whole view of life.*

The resolve to resist or ignore this attempt at "Yankee-fying," according to Dr. Hubbell, remained mostly unshaken until "about 1900," at which time "we note the beginnings of a gradual change in the trend of Southern fiction so marked as to be described as revolutionary." In short, says Hubbell, "since 1900 'Southern' literature has for the first time become genuinely American, i.e., reconstructed."

H.L. Mencken's target in the "Sahara" article is precisely this "New South," which, he says, has "borrowed the worst commercial bounderism of the Yankee and superimposed it on a culture that, at bottom, is little removed from savagery." It is, in Mencken's almost Weberian phrase "the most noisy and vapid sort of chamber of commerce, inconceivably hollow and obnoxious." Indeed Mencken attacks his target with weapons from the old southwestern humorists, but he focuses not upon the humorous but upon what he calls at the end of his piece the "absurd." The Southern "plain folk" are, he says, "a bit absurd," "a bit pathetic," not because they are still polite and hospitable and friendly, but because they can't compete in the dog-eat-dog economic world and because what he calls their "sensitiveness" does not lead to an easy political "internationalism."

Mencken's attempt to characterize this new Northern regime as a whole constitutes the neglected heart of his "Sahara of the Bozart." This barbarous desert lacks "all civilized gesture and aspiration" because it consists precisely in the drying-up of civilization:

> *It would [Mencken says] be impossible in all history to match so complete a drying-up of civilization. I say a civilization because that is what, in the old days, the South had.... More, it was a civilization of manifold excellences—perhaps the best that the Western Hemisphere has ever seen—undoubtedly the best that these States have ever seen.*

The Southern literary renaissance is often said to have been in part stimulated by Mencken's "The Sahara of the Bozart" but, as we have seen, the essay is part of the renaissance itself, a journalistic protest to a new and alien vision of society which Mencken, as well as the agrarians, saw as originating in New England. As Mencken put it:

> *The New England shopkeepers and theologians never really developed a civilization; all they ever developed was a government. They were, at their best, tawdry and tacky fellows, oafish in manner and devoid of imagination; one searches the books in vain for mention of a salient Yankee gentleman....*

He concludes by saying that, in contrast to New England,

> *In the South there were men of delicate fancy, urbane instinct, and aristocratic manner—in brief, superior men—in brief, gentry. To politics, their chief diversion, they brought active and original minds. It was there that nearly all the political theories we still cherish and suffer under came to birth. It was there that the crude dogmatism of New England was refined and humanized. It was there, above all, that some attention was given to the art of living—that life got beyond and above the state of a mere infliction and became an exhilarating experience. A certain noble spaciousness was in the ancient Southern scheme of things. The Ur-Confederate had leisure. He liked to toy with ideas. He was hospitable and tolerant. He had the vague thing that we call culture.*

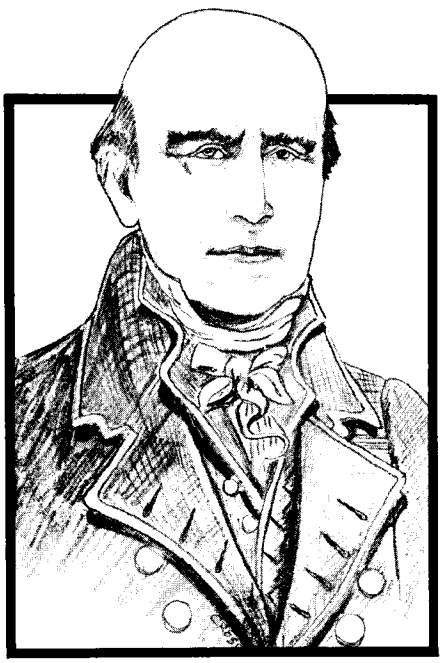
THE RESTORATION SERIES

Conflicts between nations seldom end after the shooting stops. The War for Southern Independence was no exception.

Since the victors publish the history books, the South has been cast in the popular mind as the place where the Northern armies of truth marched over the grapes of wrath. Of course, we know that those armies were carrying guns and torches, firing on civilians and trampling, not grapes, but the Constitution and the idea of liberty in America. Now, in the aftermath of War, they are trampling over the reality of the Southern past.

The real Southern heritage—the history of great statesmen, writers, ideas and events—has been ignored or else distorted by the popular and academic press in the years following Appomattox. Our purpose in launching *The Restoration Series* is to tell the truth and to keep the memory alive.

The Southern view is not a regional view merely. The commitment to liberty and to a free union of sovereign states, guided by principles of honor and morality, was the founding philosophy of the American Republic. The reader will find that perspective on these pages, if nowhere else.



Nathaniel Macon

by Boyd Cathey

Nathaniel Macon was born on December 17, 1758, the sixth child of Gideon and Priscilla Jones Macon, in the Shocco Creek area of Bute County (now Warren County). Macon's father had emigrated to upper North Carolina from Virginia some twenty years earlier, and had taken up lands in the territory of Lord Granville on Shocco Creek. According to biographer William E. Dodd, the Macons were of French Huguenot extraction, having come to Virginia in the late 17th century.

Young Macon acquired the rudiments of education at what was then known as an "old-field school," directed by the Reverend Charles Pettigrew, who later helped reorganize the Episcopal Church in North Carolina. In 1774 Macon went to the College of New Jersey in Princeton, New Jersey, for further education.

Upon the outbreak of the American Revolution Macon joined a militia company. It was during his service in 1781 that he was first elected to the state senate. Macon continued as senator from Warren County until 1785.

Macon's domestic life underwent some changes during these years. In 1783 he married Hannah Plummer, the daughter of a Virginia planter, George William Plummer. After only six years of marriage she died, and for the remaining forty-seven years of life Macon never remarried—his solitude unbroken except for his remarkable friendship with John Randolph of Roanoke.

After North Carolina's approval of the Constitution, Macon acquiesced in demands that he stand for Congress. He was elected to the United States House of Representatives, and took his seat March 4, 1791. Twice during his years in the House he was offered the position of United States Postmaster General, offers which he declined.

Macon first made his name during the period of the so-called "Federalist supremacy." He manifested strong antifederalist principles in the debates over the Alien and Sedition Acts, taking a lead in the debates.

With the election of Thomas Jefferson and the returning of a Republican majority in both Houses of Congress, Macon was elected, by a sizable margin, Speaker of the House, a position he held until 1806. He was to play an extremely important role during the two Jefferson administrations as a kind of field captain of rigid republicanism. Economy in government, distrust of centralization, and a belief in republicanism: these were esstential to the Republican creed. Macon and his party were democrats, but it is necessary to understand that their concept of democracy envisaged respectable and virtuous men, elected by their responsible and virtuous peers.

During these years Macon formed his friendship with young Congressman John Randolph, of Virginia, who for the next thirty years would be Macon's closest friend and a constant companion in and out of Washington. In 1801 Macon appointed Randolph chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means.

By 1805 Macon had begun to manifest a certain dissatisfaction with the policies of the administration. In particular, he and Randolph opposed the federal involvement in the famous Yazoo frauds in Georgia. Land speculators in Georgia had obtained large tracts of western lands from the state legislature by corrupt means. A succeeding session had annulled the grants, with the result that the speculators filed for relief from Congress. A compromise proposed by the Jefferson cabinet—a compromise with fraud—met with strong opposition from Macon and Randolph. Moreover, a presidential request for fourteen thousand dollars in household repairs met Macon's disapproval: it

violated his strict sense of economy. Other events including the failure of Randolph to report a favorable bill concerning the purchase of Florida, lengthened the distance between the administration and Macon, Randolph, and a small group of "old" Republicans, or "Tertium Quids," as they were called.

Macon would not remain separated from Jefferson for long. Despite his replacement by Joseph B. Varnum as Speaker of the House in 1807, Macon did not allow this change to set him totally against the adminstration. He was active once again in the congressional attempts to deal with the embargo. This was President Jefferson's answer to interference with American traders on the high seas. Macon supported the embargo, defending it with some of his most famous oratory. In 1808 he exclaimed: "I believe we have but three alternatives—war, embargo, or submission . The last I discard;... then the only question is, whether in the present state of the world, the embargo or war is best for us." For Macon the answer was simple: embargo, despite its baneful commercial effects, was still preferable to war.

During these crucial years Macon was chosen by the administration to shepherd its foreign policy measures through the House. The results were the famous Macon bills one and two, which attempted to resolve the issues of embargo and non-importation.

By 1811 Macon had concluded that war was inevitable: "Our affairs are in such a state that we must try what has been called the last resort of kings. I have made up my mind on the subject, and whenever we are ready to declare war, I shall vote for it." When war came he supported it, albeit with reservations.

In 1815 Macon was selected to succeed Francis Locke, in the United States Senate. His service in the Senate, a thirteen-year period which saw the passage of the Missouri Compromise and the great debates over the tariff, internal improvements, and the Bank of the United States, was notable for increasing awareness of the emotional issue that had begun to divide the nation. The "old Republican" doctrine of States' Rights he sharpened and refined during these years.

Macon must be credited as one of the first American political leaders to express his fears of a great and impending struggle over slavery. For him this issue was itself a part of a larger issue, that of how the Constitution was to be interpreted. In March, 1818, he wrote his friend and political protege, Bartlett Yancey:

> *I must ask you to examine the Constitution of the United States,...and tell me, if Congress can establish banks, make roads and canals, whether they cannot free all the slaves in the United States?... We have abolition, colonization and peace societies—their intentions cannot be known; but the character and spirit of one may without injustice be considered that of all. It is a character and spirit of perseverance bordering on enthusiasm, and if the general government shall continue to stretch its powers, these societies will undoubtedly push it to try the question of emancipation...*

Again, in April, he wrote Yancey:

> *If Congress can make canals, they can with more propriety emancipate. Be not deceived; I speak soberly in the fear of God and the love of the Constitution. Let not the love of improvement or a thirst for glory blind that sober discretion and sound sense, with which the Lord has blest you. Paul was not more anxious or sincere concerning Timothy, than I am for you. Your error in this will injure if not destroy our beloved mother, North Carolina and all the South country. Add not to the Constitution nor take therefrom. Be not led astray by grand notions or magnificient opinions. Remember you belong to a meek State and just people, who want nothing but to enjoy the fruits of their labor honestly and to lay out their profits in their own way.*

The defense of the "South country" was to be an integral part of Macon's attacks on the Missouri Compromise in 1820. In these debates it was he who combined this issue, the regional issue, with a strong defense of slavery and a strict construction of the Constitution. For Macon these three went hand-in-hand. Macon saw the slavery issue as a foil with which the Constitution could, itself, be challenged.

In early 1819 debate commenced on the admission of Missouri. The application for statehood by the Missouri Territorial Assembly raised the question of the status of slavery. Northern representatives opposed the admission of an additional slave state, insisting that Congress had the power to prohibit slavery in the territories as a prerequisite for statehood.

Macon's famous speech in this debate encompassed two major points: (1) the injustice to the settlers in Missouri, and (2) the problem of slavery itself. On the first he stated:

> *All the states now have equal rights and all are content. Deprive one of the least right which it now enjoys in common with the others and it will no longer be content...All the new states have the same rights that the old have; why make Missouri an exception? Why depart in her case from the great American principle that the people can govern themselves? All the country west of the Mississippi was acquired by the same treaty, and on the same terms and the people in every part have the same rights.... The amendment will operate unjustly to the people who have gone there from other states. They carried with them property (slaves) guaranteed by their states, by the Constitution and treaty; but now, unfortunately for them, it is discovered that they ought not to have been permitted to carry a a single slave... Let the United States abandon this new scheme; let their magnanimity, and not their power, be felt by the people of Missouri. The attempt to govern too much has produced every civil war that ever has been, and will, probably, every one that ever may be.*

On the problem of slavery Macon expressed himself with frightening clarity and precision:

> *Why depart from the good old way? Why leave the road of*

experience to take this new one, of which we have no experience? The way leads to universal emancipation, of which we have no experience....A clause in the Declaration of Independence has been read, declaring "that all men are created free and equal." Follow that sentiment, and does it not lead to universal emancipation? If it will justify putting an end to slavery in Missouri, will it not justify it in the old states? Suppose the plan were followed, and all the slaves turned loose, and the union to continue. Is it certain that the present Constitution would last long?

The debate over the Missouri Compromise marked a significant turning point in American history. Although Macon had been engaged in a losing effort to block the compromise, his forthright and clearsighted defense of strict constructionism, slavery, and his beloved "South country" had singled him out as a prophet. Not many years after his intervention in the 1820 debates a whole generation of younger Southern congressmen would consider him the father of States' Rights. Thomas Jefferson, now in the last years of his life, was impelled to call Macon "the Depositor of old & sound principles" and to write him in 1821: "God bless you & long continue your wholesome influence in public councils."

Nathaniel Macon died on June 29, 1837, at Buck Springs. Before his death he summoned his doctor and the undertaker to pay them in advance. His last request was that no monument mark his grave; he directed that a pile of stones be placed upon the site which was to be chosen from his poorer lands.

Already at the time of his death North and South were on the fateful course, foreseen by Macon and dreaded by him, that would lead to seccession and civil war. "The attempt to govern too much," he had said in 1820, "has produced every civil war that ever has been, and will, probably, every one that ever may be." Nathaniel Macon loved the Union, but like Calhoun, he loved liberty more. ⊠

The Way it Was: August/September 1863

Deep summer. Long days. The sun moves slowly across the sky, baking the earth. Oppressed by heat, animals seek out spots of shade and even plants lean over in misery, longing for the rain's cool relief.

Days just like these...

August 13... *New York City.* Life still hasn't returned to normal after the recent draft riots in New York. Last month, Yankee troops fired rifles and howitzers point-blank into crowds of civilians protesting Lincoln's Conscription Act. Concerning one incident, *The New York Herald* carried this report:

> Following is an account of the dead:
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | Police | 32 |
> | Men, women and children | 36 |
> | Negroes | 150 |

Angry mobs, in an apparent attempt to show their low regard for former slaves who recently arrived, slaughtered Negroes on the streets of New York and attacked an orphan assylum for colored children. Lynchings were reported.

August 17... *Virginia.* The Yankee General Meade began a program of retaliation against farmers in the Shenandoah Valley accused of sympathizing with Colonel Mosby. Meade's men are now authorized to confiscate the farmers' personal property and funds in retribution for damage done by Mosby's raiders.

August 23... *Frederick County, Maryland.* Robert Lockhardt, 50, was killed today by a group of about 40 Yankee soldiers of unknown command. Lockhardt, who was visiting his seriously ill son, was accused of pro-Confederate sympathies. According to neighbors, Lockhardt was first arrested, murdered on the spot and his body robbed.

August 25... *Kansas City.* Sixty families were ordered out of their homes by U.S. General Ewing. Their homes are now being "made ready to receive Union refugees." Orders have been issued to confiscate homes of Confederate sympathizers in Westport and Independence.

September 1... *Vicksburg.* Celebrating their recent victory here, Yankee troups vandalized one of the largest Catholic Churches in the Confederacy. Here is an eye-witness report:

> ...Their first act was to rob the church, break in and carry off mitre and chalice. They seemed to regard it as an achievement, not a theft, parading about the streets the holy symbols with sacreligious bravado....

September 4... *Huntsville.* A Negro house of worship was surrounded by Union troops and the colored men were carried off to serve as federal soldiers. Some of the 16 men taken resisted capture. One Negro woman, in the employ of Governor Clay, was also taken.

September 15... *Philadelphia.* At a social gathering in a private home, two ladies were amusing themselves by dancing and singing. One of the ladies, a native of Baltimore, sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Her companion accused her of being a rebel and suggested a mock duel. Pistols were found and the two duelists paced off and fired. One pistol turned out to be loaded and discharged with a great noise that caused all the guests at the home to rush to the room. The bullet missed its target, but both ladies had fainted. ⊠

—Nancy Chapman Stoddard

A Place For Pat Conroy

by Bill Koon

Flannery O'Connor reminded us that a good writer treats his region as a part of himself. Pat Conroy hasn't yet caught on to that wisdom. And no matter how much money he makes, his characters will continue to be flat as pancakes until he finds his place.

I wrote this essay at triple risk. One, I did it originally for a conference at The Citadel, in Charleston, South Carolina (the setting of Pat Conroy's most recent novel, *The Lords of Discipline*). Anyone taking on Conroy in that setting probably should have his typewriter dropped in the Atlantic somewhere just off Fort Sumter. It was like lecturing on Herschel Walker at The Georgia Bulldog Club. Half the audience hated him; the other half found him marvelous. The only possible result was a new supply of enemies for the speaker.

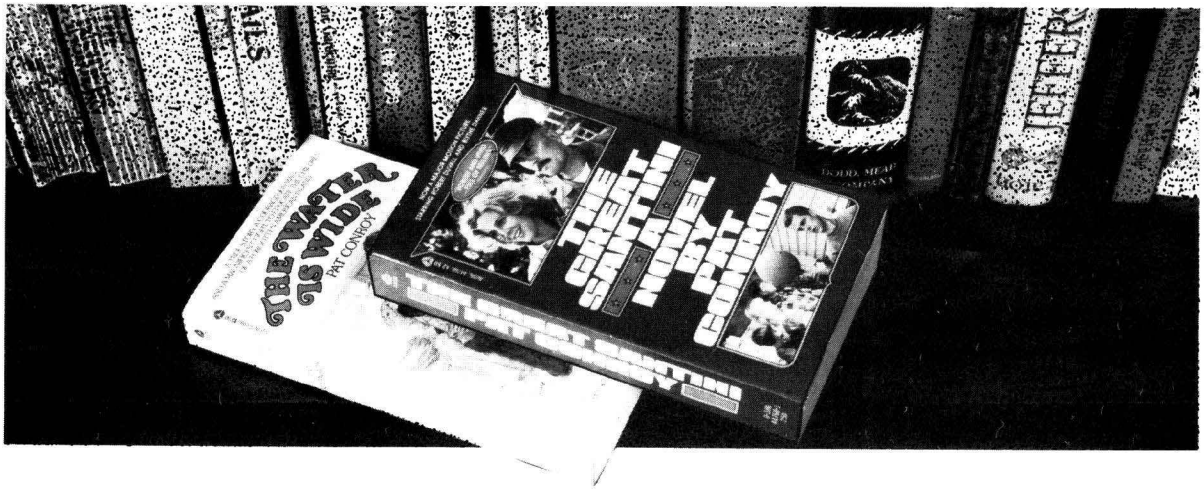
Two, the conference was academic, and academics have little business bringing their heavy ways to popular writers. We do better with the obscure; such helps us check the green-eyed monster. Besides, it is easy to look silly complaining about how someone who has made millions cannot write dialogue.

And three, the conference was on Carolina writers. Conroy, born in Atlanta and now receiving his checks in Rome, stopped over in South Carolina just long enough to get material for four books, none of which reflect too kindly on the Palmetto State. The appearance, then, was that I wanted to pull him into our fold only long enough for a shearing.

Those apologies (to *Southern Partisan* readers and to Conroy) aside, I claim genuine interest in the writer, interest that makes me want him to be better than he has been. I have followed him for a long time, mainly, I think, because he always struck me as a Fenimore Cooper type—as one, that is, who simply resolved that he could writer better than the Mrs. Opie's of the world, and did so. I admire just about everyone who stops talking and starts writing. And I am interested in him additionally because he is Southern. I like following both the high and the pop art of the region.

The Southerness brings my title, "A Place for Pat Conroy." Primarily, the reference is to Conroy's "place" in American letters; but I also want to say something about his sense of location. I hope these two things will come together though I do not guarantee so much.

Conroy's first book, *The Boo* (1970), is about the author's years at The Citadel and owes much of its currency to the popularity of *The Lords of Discipline*. *The Boo* may be Conroy's most affectionate book; it praises Lt. Colonel Thomas Nugent Courvoisie who was Assistant Commandant of Citadel Cadets in the 1960's. The book is a slightly military version of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* in its fond reminiscence of a character who had much to do with the author's education.



But the tale does not go very well. Basically, it is a collection of anecdotes about the tribulations of being a cadet, about now naive young men try to fool a savvy old officer who is quick but humane with the punishments that are always good for wayward boys. The various stories involve things that were funny when they happened but just do not come across as being very funny in a book. Obviously, they are interesting to those who live as cadets; intense college friendships and a few beers can magnify casual happenings into what appear to be high drama or comedy. But Conroy's prose cannot do as much.

My major objection to the book, however, is that its praise of Courvoisie is almost exclusively at the expense of The Citadel. Conroy tells us in the preface that "The Boo and I collaborated on this book to celebrate a school we both love—each in our own different ways." I just don't accept that claim. Conroy plays the Boo's sweetness off against the institution's foibles. Though his claims about The Citadel may or may not be true, the book deceives, as its praise of a character slowly gives way to the damning of a place. The Boo gradually becomes not a great character so much as a tool with which Conroy drubs an institution. Moreover, Conroy has what I think is serious trouble with his own presence in the book. He may well have been the campus intellectual who did some clever issues of the school's literary magazine, but I think he should have cooled it a little when he cast himself in *The Boo.* Here he is the senior private who got through it all without taking any of it very seriously. In fact, he survived all the hobgoblins of military discipline and restraint and suppression with his creativity (and rank) unaltered. The Boo's book, then, loses track of the Boo to say some hard things about the author who was

The Lords of Discipline *does not sustain that progress . . . This is about as much fun as those "60 Minutes" crews which are forever discovering the irrationality of the world while at the same time re-discovering their own intelligence and sensitivity.*

In* The Water Is Wide, *the isolated blacks of Daufuskie Island are used as a tool for getting at the mean Establishment. And Conroy is once again the sensitive type, the only one who understands.

tough enough to survive it, intelligent enough to write about it, and decent enough to like one of his superiors. I am being too hard here, but I do feel that the book is both flat and deceptive.

Conroy moved on from The Citadel to Beaufort for a stint as high school teacher and then to the place of his second book, Yamacraw or Daufuskie Island, the setting of his highly successful *The Water Is Wide* (1972). The materials are rich. The isolation of the blacks on Daufuskie becomes an effective symbol of a race in general. The feeble gestures of the school board show a frail struggle to come to terms with conscience.

Again, though, the author's presence is a continuing problem. Conroy's liberals are stereotypes, usually English majors who want to go to Chapel Hill. Their dead-ahead politics are not helped much by intense prose that, in a discussion of pollution, can have "man excreting, straight up, through the phallic smokestacks of Savannah." The blacks of Daufuskie get the part of the Boo in the first book. Their goodness is not celebrated for itself; rather, it becomes the tool for getting at a mean Establishment. Conroy is once again the sensitive type, the only one who understands. This is about as much fun as those "60 Minutes" crews which are forever discovering the irrationality and obtuseness of the world while at the same time discovering or re-discovering their own intelligence and sensitivity. The book ends as Conroy literally and figuratively rocks the boat that might have connected two ways of life and has to move on, having done little to dent the world's madness.

To this point in his first two books Conroy has been writing non-fiction, near documentaries—almost journalism—and oh, so earnest. I wanted to suggest that he might cultivate a potentially rich sense of humor that could help round out characters, maybe even moral issues, and which certainly could help some with the authorial piety.

Conroy was not after my opinion, but he did take a turn away from journalism in his third book, *The Great Santini* (1976). Perhaps he took that turn because he sensed the problem of dealing with himself in his books. The point to be made is that, at least nominally, he ceased being his own main character.

He returned to Beaufort for the setting of the story of a son dominated by an insensitive and "gung-ho" Marine Corps flyer. There's a lot of gratuity here (particularly in an inter-racial rape/murder, and a number of two-dimensional characters: many of them marines—along with the Catholic mothers who fall to their knees before every icon as they suppress their sons—and some pimply sisters). But Conroy made progress with himself. He becomes Ben Meecham, the kid dragged from one place to another by a military family.

Of course, he is still the sensitive lad at odds with the Establishment. Bull, his father, is a villain who abuses all who love him. But Ben does come to find some of his own meanness, particularly in a basketball episode where he wrecks an opposing player at the urging of his father, and the villainous old man has a moment of glory when he stays in a doomed plane to avoid crashing into a populated area where "people lived and slept, where families slept, families like my family, wives like my wife, sons like my sons, and daughters like my daughters." Maybe it is all too dramatic and too sudden, but nonetheless it marks progress. Villains show some signs of goodness, as sensitive and persecuted sons demonstrate some of their own meanness.

I think *The Great Santini* may be Conroy's best book as a result of the progress just described. I do not think that *The Lords of Discipline,* usually counted his best book, sustains that progress. Through the main character, Will McLean, Conroy becomes an immediate presence in the prologue of this last book where he compares himself to Poe and Osceola, both characters who did not find a home in Charleston, one of them the good writer, the other the noble renegade. A bad start.

The book ends with similar self-congratulation. McLean, after surviving the tribulations of The Citadel and Charleston aristocracy, actually graduates. He has lost respect for most of the people and the place; but he has maintained his affection for the Boo (now the Bear), Lt. Colonel Courvoisie. He goes to the Bear with his diploma, and the book concludes with this exchange:

> *I want you to sign it, Colonel. I want you to make it official," I said, "I want the name of a man I can respect on my diploma, Colonel."*
> *He handed me back the diploma without signing it. "There already is, Bubba," he answered. "There already is." And he pointed to my name.*

My claim for *The Lords of Discipline,* then is that it falls back into the ways of the first two books. Conroy fails to escape himself once more. He has been after institutions again, after The Citadel and after Charleston aristocracy, both of which turn out to be absolutely rotten. General Durrell is a corrupt member of the notorious and no longer anonymous "10" that have terrorized the weak. And Commerce St. Croix, chief aristocrat in Charleston, belongs to the same brotherhood and thus brings together Conroy's two great enemies—social and military hierarchy. If the aristocrats had a chance to be decent, it was foiled by Annie Kate, the pregnant daughter of drunken Charleston aristocracy. Will and Kate seem to fall in love—he is generous in his willingness to be father of her unborn and illegitimate child. She suffers through her nine months of gestation as Will suffers through his senior year, and they seem to be meant for each other, both of them tempered strong by injustice. But, of course, Annie Kate produces a dead child and decides that she would rather be aristocrat than wife of a middle class type like McLean . Will gets betrayed by practically everyone and has to travel the straight and narrow more or less alone.

The basic problem for Pat Conroy is, as I have suggested, a "60 Minutes" problem, the problem of taking oneself too seriously and of always finding the issues so highly defined. I have a hard time with that television show because its interest is only in the issues, almost never in the people who produce the issues, and the crew grinds up a good many folks as it makes its points. Conroy's work has a similar lack of compassion, one that extends only to selected characters and not to others.

Conroy's place in American letters, then, is not yet a high one. He belongs, I think, with the pop writers who generally want to tell us what people are rather than let those people show us what they are. I believe that *The Great Santini* survives some of this problem and thus indicates Conroy's promise. Perhaps he succeeded there because he was working with people he knew well—his own family.

Now let me briefly add a point about a different kind of place, the kind that has always been associated with Southern letters—the place that gives a strong sense of identity and heritage. We think of Faulkner much in terms of his Mississippi, of Flannery O'Connor in terms of her Georgia. Probably the best statement on place is in O'Connor's essay, "The Fiction Writer and His Country" (in *Mystery and Manners*):

> *When we talk about the writer's country we are liable to forget that no matter what particular country it is, it is inside as well as outside him. Art requires a delicate adjustment of the outer and inner worlds in such a way that, without changing their nature, they can be seen through each other. To know oneself is to know one's region. It is also to know the world, and it is also, paradoxically, a form of exile from that world. The writer's value is lost, both to himself and to his country, as soon as he ceases to see that country as a part of himself, and to know oneself is, above all, to know what one lacks. It is to measure oneself against Truth, and not the other way around. The first product of self-knowledge is humility, and this is not a virtue conspicuous in any national character.*

I believe that Conroy has trouble seeing his country "as a part of himself." He does not yet have a sense of permanence, the sense of place that allows self-knowledge. His books seem to occur as a result of his dissatisfaction with places; they seem to materialize as he exits one scene for another. His books are of leaving because of corruption, never of embracing in spite of corruption. Thus he stands the Southern idea of place on its ear.

That is no special problem—no one demands affection for place in good fiction. Joyce might not be major if we did. What we do demand, and what Conroy does not deliver often enough, is fully developed characters. I may be reading too much into the conjunction of flat characters and the rejection of place in these books; but, under the influence of O'Connor, I want to say that a permanent place becomes important not in itself but as it allows us to come to know people. And I suspect that knowing others better would help Conroy deal with himself, with his narrator, a little more skillfully. ⊠

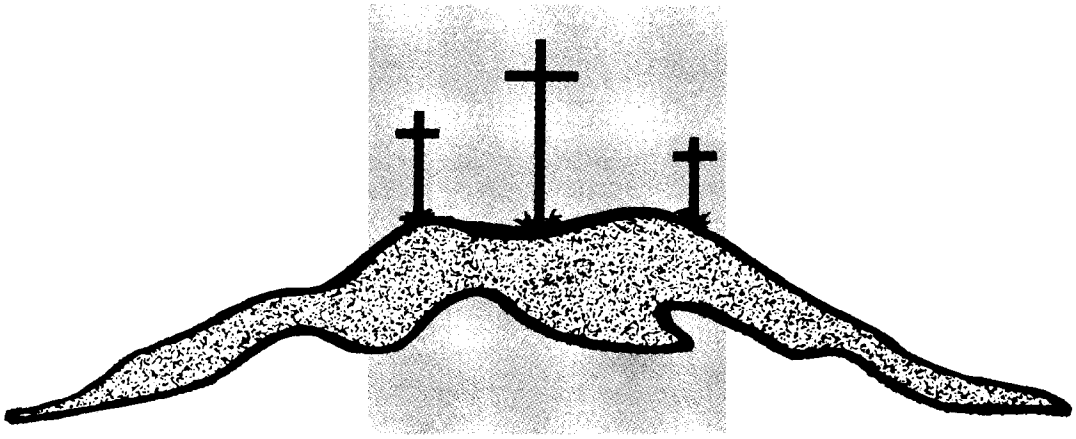
Bill Koon is acting chairman of the English Department of Clemson University. His book on Hank Williams will be published late in July by Greenwood Press.

The Theology of Christian Resistance:

A SYMPOSIUM

Edited by Gary North

Geneva Divinity School Press, Tyler, Texas. 388 pp. $9.95. 1983.



I will read any book that pretends to be theology, particularly when it contains an essay by that famous theologian M.E. Bradford, but sometimes the lines between theology and history and polemics become too blurred for a mere layman to make out. Such is the case with *The Theology of Christian Resistance*, which contains everything from the quiet musings of scholars to shrill warnings against the tyranny of the federal government in attacking the tax-exempt status of churches. In between are a number of badly-written essays defending Presbyterian orthodoxy and a few brilliant articles that do the same thing. As a lover of orthodoxy who believes that the federal government *is* tyrannical, I enjoyed all of them, but as an Anglo-Catholic I have my reservations, indeed my prejudices, which apply to what's going on in the Episcopal Church as well as in the Presbyterian.

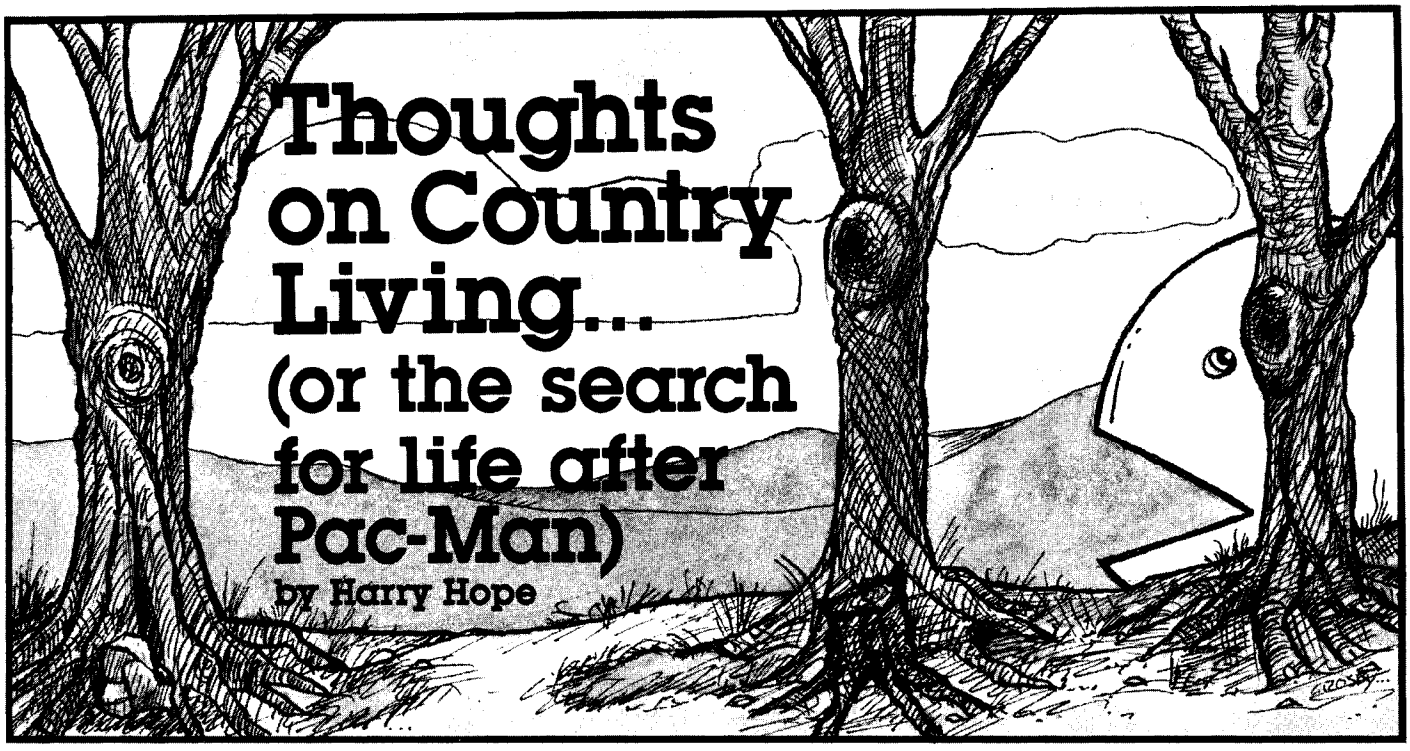
For one thing, I really think it's a waste of everybody's time to apply scriptural passages to current political and social problems, except in the most general way. I suppose such exercises are necessary for any political faction, otherwise people will get the idea that only one side stands on the rock of Biblical authority. The truth, of course, is much more confusing: every ideologue can find his own chapter and verse to silk-screen on his polyester banner. So arguments along these lines are, at best, directed only to those already in the ideological fold.

Second—and here I admit a deep personal bias—I am always suspicious of arguments that rely too heavily on the Old Testament to the exclusion of the New. I'm well aware that the New Covenant is a fulfillment of the Old, in some ways a reaffirmation of it; but I have a suspicion that some of the people writing in this volume avoid the red-letter sections of the Bible because they are too tough and demanding. There is among us latter-day Christians a delusion that Jesus was somehow softer and more lenient than Moses, or that *The Gospel According to St. Matthew* demands a less vigorous attention to duty than does Leviticus. Nothing could be further from the truth, and I would have more respect for an argument for civil defiance that rested on Paul's example rather than that of Rahab, useful though that lady may have been to the Forces of Light.

Still, with these reservations, one can learn a great deal from this book and its various authors. In addition to Bradford's fine essay on the American Revolution and its theological origins, I would commend several others as well. When I wrote Bradford and told him that he was obviously the most accomplished theologian in the volume, he replied (with characteristic modesty) that John Calvin wasn't too bad—and indeed he isn't! As a matter of fact, Calvin's essay will come as a surprise to many contemporary readers, a closely reasoned hymn to obedience that gives little comfort to the arbitrary revolutionist. Indeed Calvin's discussion is a brilliant extension and refinement of what St. Peter has to say on the subject, and had the American Founding Fathers read him carefully, we might all still be willing subjects of Elizabeth II.

There are also some interesting commentaries on Calvin which are both expository and critical, and some fascinating, if slightly irrelevent, narratives of Dutch mischief-making, past and present. All in all, the book is a mixed bag, and the reader comes away from the potpourri of opinions neither hammered on the head nor cuddled to sleep. I suppose that's a good recommendation, though I would have preferred a volume even more antagonistic to my own beliefs had it, at the same time, been pitched on a higher level of discourse. There's only one thing worse than having a straw man for an opponent, and that's having one for an ally. In this collection there is an abundance of both. ⊠

—Tom Landess



Thoughts on Country Living... (or the search for life after Pac-Man)

by Harry Hope

I have made a discovery. There does, indeed, exist a place where nobody wants to leave. It is possible to breathe there without worrying about what you are inhaling. This place is not infested with joggers or 300-pound shoulder-strap radios, and when you're driving along and meet another car or truck on the road, that other driver is very likely to wave at you. You, of course, wave back. This is called courtesy.

As I write this in my office, located in the "Uptown" area of a major Southern city, I am contemplating my upcoming marriage and subsequent move to the Cloud's Creek area of Saluda County, South Carolina, an entirely rural county populated by chickens, pine trees and a rugged breed of country folk. Many of my friends consider this marriage, at age 32, a sudden and surprising move, especially when they find out that I'll be an instant father to three children, ages 11, 7 and 5.

"*You* are moving out *there*?" one person asked in shock. "Why don't you move the children to town. They'll have so much more to do." Perhaps. But how much more, I ask, will they have to do that is worth doing?

Lately, I've been re-reading the agrarian writers who made their mark fifty years ago. Nobody I've met in Cloud's Creek has ever heard of, much less read, the agrarian philosophers of Vanderbilt in *I'll Take My Stand*. They don't need to, because as agrarian values are explained, these people invariably respond, "Hell, I don't see what the big fuss is all about. These are things we've been doing or thinking or believing for years now."

These people don't work the land as such, but many of them still have gardens. They might live in double-wide mobile homes or sturdy brick houses, but theirs is an organic life which the bean-sprout brigades and the macrobiotic gourmets of Metropolis would have trouble fathoming.

And while my stepdaughter-to-be has enough stereo equipment to qualify her to become a minor NBC affiliate, her favorite singer is Conway Twitty. She has no use for that KISS album somebody gave her for Christmas last year. Bless her heart. Parents of 11-year-olds everywhere, doesn't that sound refreshing?

Oh, but I've got a lot to learn, too, over and above the obvious aspects of being a parent and husband. For instance, I've been told that I'll be expected to work in the garden. Fine, I said, it beats mowing the grass. By late summer, I may be eating those words, but I'll also be eating homegrown tomatoes and squash.

There are certain logistical problems to overcome as well. We are, after all, 15 miles from any grouping of dwellings and stores loosely considered a town. A 30-minute ride just to shop at a Bi-Lo or Food Lion is liable to become a major excursion for me. The Saluda County Library, which I've been assured exists, will be a 20-minute drive to Mecca.

Remember, too, that as one who will have lately come to the area fresh from 10 years in the fleshpots of a big city, I'll be morally suspect. I have partaken of French wines, escargot, coquilles St. Jacques, chateaubriand, and, of course, quiche. I have been publically seen in museums and at symphony orchestra concerts and even at the ballet. Why, once I was at a political rally for a politician with Kennedyesque aspirations and shook hands with President Jimmy Carter. All these things are to be buried in my soul and divulged to no one.

When I move out to Saluda County and anybody asks, as inevitably people do ask, where I'm from, I'll tell them I'm from Hartsville, South Carolina. That way they may be assured that I like fatback in my butter beans, water in my bourbon, ketchup on my hamburger and that I know the difference between a dobro and a thirty-aught-six.

Somewhere in New York or Washington, D.C., there may even be somebody doing something important and lasting this very moment. We just haven't been told, that's all.

These things are part of what non-Southerners occasionally and reverentially refer to as our "sense of place," because we have ours, and they've lost theirs. (Journalist Marshall Frady, referring once to W.J. Cash's *The Mind of the South*, asked who would be sufficiently vain to essay a similar project on *The Mind of Illinois* or *The Mind of the West Coast*).

Which brings me to something I want to make abundantly clear to the three children I'm about to try to help bring up: anybody who tries to make these three children ashamed of what they are or where they come from is cruisin' for a bruisin'.

Sure, there are wonderful things outside the borders of Saluda County. The Parthenon, the Vatican, the Louvre. Johann Sebastian Bach praised the Lord with magnificent joyful noises and Ludwig van Beethoven raged at Him. A Serbian nationalist shot an Austrian archduke, and Western Civilization came to an end four years later. This kind of thing happens today. Somewhere in New York or Washington, D.C., there may even be somebody doing something important and lasting this very moment. We just haven't been told, that's all.

Yet these three white non-Hispanic meat-eating protestant children who've actually been known to turn off a TV set to listen to a good story are, in subtle ways, finding themselves demeaned because of their heritage. Television tells them that the sins of the fathers *are* the sins of the children, that each of them is to be ashamed that white Southerners engaged in the practice of buying, selling and owning other human beings. For this, they are told, they are forever damned, condemned to a world of post-Neanderthal physical types whose whole intellectual diversion is spending an afternoon reading numbers on a football jersey. They are told that there is no life outside New York or Los Angeles, and if there is life anywhere else, it all takes place on some ship aimlessly shuttling between LA and Acapulco, Mexico, or on some mysterious archipelago where Mr. Roarke presides over fantasies.

Even the schools are forgetting to tell them that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were Southerners and that the real General Lee was not named after a red Dodge Charger. They've barely heard of Stonewall Jackson or the Swamp Fox, and to them, George Washington Carver had something to do with peanuts. John C. Calhoun, Huey Long, Flannery O'Connor, Bill Monroe, Nathan Bedford Forrest—will the children ever encounter those names, and know who they are?

You can see that some of the messier presentations of the 1980's South have slipped into God's Country. Look what happened to country music when the New York-Los Angeles crowd discovered there was money in it. Now some of the "country" radio stations are beginning to program Bob Seger cuts, for crying out loud. And I don't know what's going to happen when the little country store up the road installs the inevitable Pac-Man. With all those kids running in from the countryside to dump quarters into a machine that sounds like a Wurlitzer organ with indigestion, it may mean the end of that fine old institution, the Southern beer joint. These insidious outside forces got to our food a long time ago, and we should have realized what was going on when somebody started putting sugar in the cornbread. Now Ronald McDonald is all over the place—his golden arches constitute the tallest structure in one town that I know, and Tennessee Ernie Ford is on the TV selling *Martha White pizza crust mix*. Oh, my Great-Aunt Effie's aching back.

The whole attitude was neatly summed up a few years ago by the multi-talented Dolly Parton, in explaining her wardrobe and accessories. She said, "We was all raised poor, and we didn't have much 'cept our music. Then when we started gettin' attention and makin' a little money, we all jus' went overboard."

She rose up in social studies class one day a few weeks ago and informed her teacher that the business of 1861-1865 was not the Civil War, it was the War of Northern Aggression, and why hadn't the teacher told them that?

Jimmy Carter had at least one good idea, when he said something about preserving the ethnic purity of our neighborhoods. You don't despoil the land you're on. Where you are—who you are—is special. But what followed Carter's comment were all kinds of knee-jerk cracks about racist attitudes and Grand Dragons in the White House.

And all that leaves me with is one final question, the big one: Will my three prospective stepchildren and the other Southern children of their generation, know who they are? Where they come from? If indeed children are our greatest natural resource, will they know that there is life after Pac-Man?

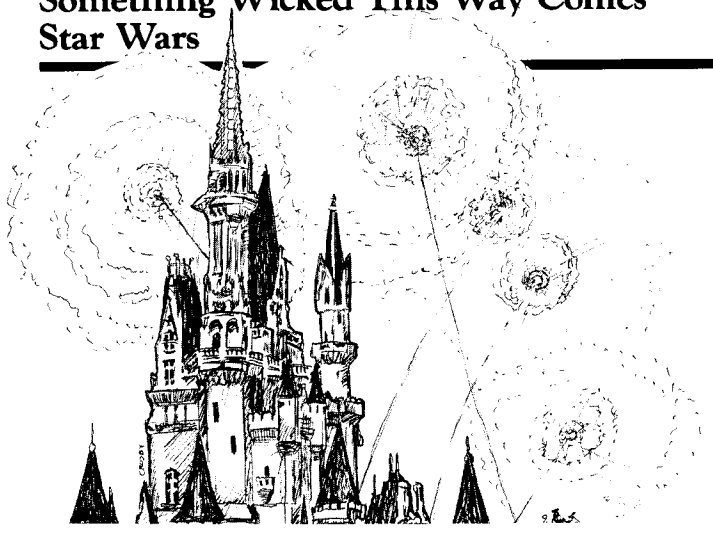
I know of three children for whom the answers to these questions will be in the affirmative response mode, as they say in Washington. One of them, the 11-year-old, has already taken her stand. She rose up in social studies class one day a few weeks ago and informed her teacher that the business of 1861-1865 was not the Civil War, it was the War of Northern Aggression, and why hadn't the teacher told them that?

A small start, to be sure, but a start nonetheless. ⊠

Approaching the Second Star to the Right

by Norman Stewart

Something Wicked This Way Comes
Star Wars



Few writers have ever approached the screen with any appreciation of it. An exception is Ray Bradbury who sees the movie script as an important and demanding literary form. To him, cameras and projectors are "empathy machines" which catch "truths on film and repeat them to us . . . Sure, there have been a lot of lousy films around, but the basic story . . . has been a human one, leaning toward the good. . . ."

Bradbury has never really tackled Hollywood except for a few TV scripts and two movies, *Moby Dick* and *Picasso Summer*. But now there's *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, adapted from his novel about which he says, "It sums up my entire life of loving Lon Chaney and the magicians and grotesques he played . . . My mom took me to see *Hunchback* in 1923 . . . magic and magicians and Chaney and libraries have filled my life . . . All of that went into *Something Wicked* which began as a short story in *Weird Tales* called 'Black Ferris' in May, 1948, and just *grew* like Topsy."

"The Black Ferris" eventually surfaced as a script for Gene Kelly, but Kelly couldn't sell it, so Bradbury turned it into a novel.

Something Wicked is an allegory about a carnival which hits a small town in October, promising to fulfill dreams, but only turning the townsfolk into freaks personifying their greed. Two boys and one of their fathers attempt to thwart the plans of the carnival owner, Mr. Dark.

After countless false starts, *Something Wicked* has finally reached the screen and, in this day of auteur directors and

The Empire Strikes Back
Return of the Jedi

soulless agents, it's a very rare and strange blend of writer, director (Jack Clayton) and studio (Disney).

Jack Clayton's main recommendation is his screen version of *The Turn of the Screw* (the genuinely frightening *The Innocents*, 1961) which revealed a talent for working with children as well as for being faithful to prestigious source material.

Clayton seemed fated for *Something Wicked* since he served as assistant director on *Moby Dick*, which kicked off Bradbury's dramatic career. When *The Innocents* came out, Bradbury gave him a copy of the *Something Wicked* manuscript. After a chance meeting with Bradbury, producer Peter Douglas optioned it in 1976. Shortly afterwards, Douglas met with Clayton about possible projects. Clayton didn't know of the option and casually mentioned the book. Paramount picked up the ball, and six months later Clayton sent the script he and Bradbury had done to board chairman Barry Diller. Clayton got it back in an impolite three hours. He let the chairman know what he thought of the discourtesy by throwing a chair through Diller's plate glass window.

More years of wandering ended when Disney studios saw Clayton's project as the sort of breakthrough film, both critically and financially, they haven't had since Walt Disney died.

The involvement of Disney was a nice touch since Bradbury once talked to Walt Disney about running for mayor of LA. The same day he saw the first Abraham Lincoln Disneyland figure which eventually inspired his blasphemous "Downwind from Gettysburg" (in which someone named Boothe shoots a Lincoln robot in an amusement park).

The Disney influence is obvious in the opening shot of the two boys running through a field with a narration that doesn't quite mesh. But the camera movement and the use of nature is so reminiscent of *The Innocents* that one might guess Clayton directed it if nothing else were known.

A disappointing preview last summer caused the film to be refashioned, if not remade. It's hard to say how much was improvement. Clayton never had the effects team he wanted to begin with, and this time around he got more than he wanted. I'm inclined to think the film came out ahead.

Something Wicked is the best evocation of small town life in years and is beautifully photographed and designed. It may miss being great, more than anything else, because there

are so few character actors left to cast in local rustic roles. Today, actors are trained to be theoretically capable of anything, and often whatever made them interesting to begin with is bleached out.

However, there are a couple of fine performances. Jason Robards as the father once again proves himself to be the great American actor Henry Fonda was touted to be, but just wasn't. There is one excellent supporting performance by Royal Dano as a lightning rod salesman who becomes an electric chair victim in the sideshow. He resembles a short-circuited Abraham Lincoln figure at Disney World. It's great unintentional iconology since Dano did the voice for the figure at Disneyland and also played Lincoln in the James Agee "Omnibus" show thirty years ago. Lincoln revisionists should have a field day!

Although the preview seemed to dictate changes, Clayton should have had more control than he apparently did. As it is, the parts of *Something Wicked This Way Comes* are somehow better than the whole, perhaps because the material was just too fragile all along. But there are so many moments that delight that you don't go away muttering about the problems.

Whatever flaws there are in production pale by comparison to the flawed management of the film's distribution. Some close to the film thought it should have had a slow fall release with a wide break at Christmas when no other fantasies would have been around, instead of the ill-fated May release.

With the Disney studio in disarray, it is high irony that the new generation of directors are practically Walt Disney's children who have redefined the word "hit" with their own fantasies. George Lucas shows this best of all, and nothing demonstrates Disney's poor management better than the turning down of *Star Wars* as "too childish" (according to one longtime company veteran).

Since Disney blew their big chance, a generation has grown up on Lucas' mythology. Lucas is dealing with big stuff—Good vs. Evil—so the effect is bound to be powerful. The influence of Disney, especially Disneyland, on Lucas is clear—the same attention to detail, the same sort of magical effervescence.

When George Lucas was growing up, Disneyland was his favorite place. Often, his family spent their entire summer vacation there, and at home, Lucas was beyond sandbox, building detailed "environments" and even a rollercoaster in his backyard.

Star Wars, his last film as director, was Lucas' cinematic equivalent of the basic Disneyland form and mood. He had yet to tackle the real content.

The Empire Strikes Back, perhaps showing the influence of the anti-Disney *The Uses of Enchantment*, is darker and more consciously mythological.

Raiders of the Lost Ark, directed by his mirror image Steven Spielberg, was a return to form with content supplied by organized religion.

Return of the Jedi, the last of the *Star Wars* trilogy, is a balancing act between form and content which almost comes off.

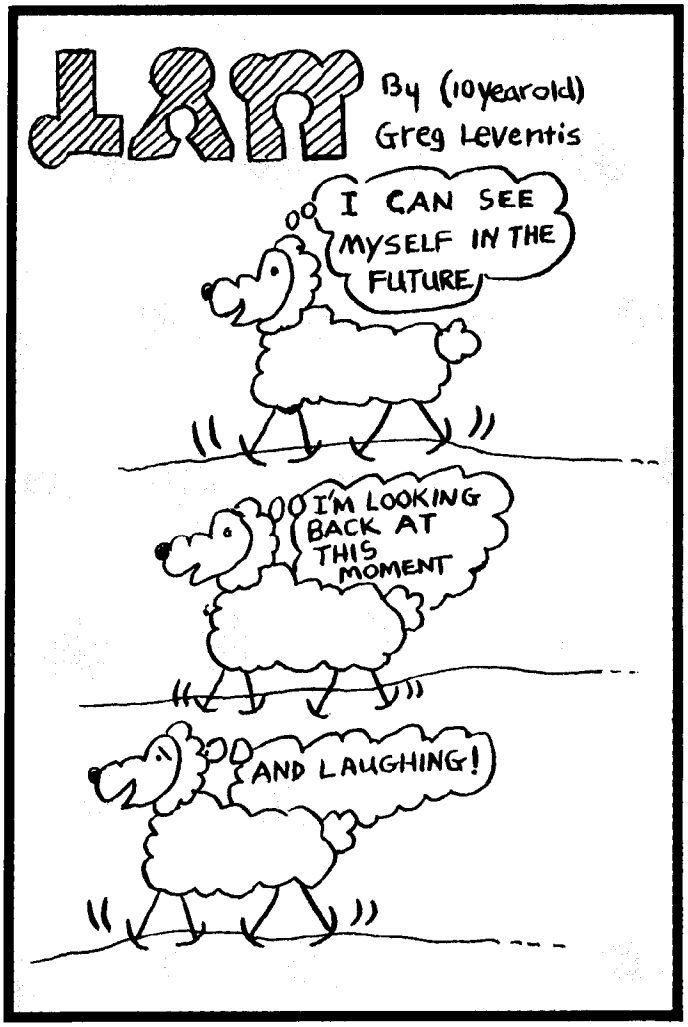
In *Jedi*, we see the two components merge in the form of Jabba the Hutt's palace and the Ewoks' forest. They are fully realized fantasylands. They are Lucas' backyard grown up and his answer to Disneyland. But they don't work as well as Disneyland, perhaps because they are too private, too grotesque, too much Lucas for the rest of us to identify with.

Lucas tries to overcome the film's flaws with a jazzy ending which cuts between three action sequences, any one of which could have ended the film and would have made anyone else's movie. He must have seen it as a daring experiment in editing along the lines of his grossly underrated *More American Graffiti*, but he bites off more than he can chew. The audience's emotions are too divided. It is an impressive ending, but not as effective as those of the first two of the triology.

Return of the Jedi lies somewhere between Disneyland's "Enchanted Tiki Room" and "It's a Small World," technologically impressive but ultimately sterile, which is not to say that it isn't vastly entertaining.

We can only hope that Lucas learns to use his technology better in the future, ideally by combining it with the old form so that the next *Star Wars* films are his "Pirate of the Carribbean," his "Haunted Mansion," his Epcot. Who the hell needs *A la recherche du temps perdu?* ⧓

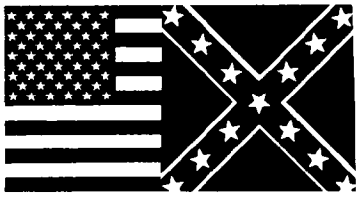
Norman Stewart is a freelance writer who haunts movie houses in North Carolina.



BOOKNOTES

Southerners: The Social Psychology Of Sectionalism

By John Shelton Reed. University of North Carolina Press. 157 pp. $16.00. 1983.



We now have it on the word of a sociologist that the South really exists. What a relief!

The question is: do we really need social scientific validation to underscore what ought to be obvious, that Southerners regard themselves (and are regarded by others) as a unique tribe?

The answer is: yes, unfortunately we do. Because the South is still under attack. The issue of our formal existence as a nation was more or less resolved in 1865. Since then, we have had to deal with repeated attacks by industrialists, bureaucrats and Court intellectuals whose concept of Union is based on uniformity. Even their terminology (e.g., the insistence on referring to the Confederate War as a "civil" war) seeks to rob the South of any sense of nationhood.

In this battle for identity, John Reed gives us exactly what we need: tables and charts, measurable data, proving that Southerness exists and that Southerners think, at least in loose terms, as a self-conscious minority in the American culture. We are in fact the country's largest definable minority, something Mr. Reagan would do well to remember.

Southerners is a companion volume to Reed's earlier works (*One South* and *The Enduring South*). This new effort gives us a detailed analysis of data collected in 1971 during a sample survey of North Carolinians. We can generalize, therefore, about the South as a region only to the extent that we believe North Carolina to be typical.

Reed's prose is smooth and clean. Oh, occasionally he will lapse into trade jargan like: "Here, though, I am interested in Southerners not as an aggregate defined by residence in a particular piece of geography, but as a reference group, a cognitive entity that people use to orient themselves." But the guy's got to make a living.

Reed's conclusion is that the winds of change may be altering the internal nature of the South's uniqueness, but homogeneity with the rest of the country is definitely not in our future. We still think of ourselves as friendlier, less pushy, more religious and more generous than others. We still don't like Yankees, and we don't think they like us either. But Reed also suggests that we are acquiring different differences. He says that racial feelings are on the wane (which is either so, or else the respondents have been so badgered in recent years about their racial feelings that they were no longer willing to tell the truth to the university students who conducted the interviews).

In a world that turns on data, John Shelton Reed is the best thing we've got going. He is that rare double-oxymoron: an intelligent sociologist who writes well. And that ain't Whistling Dixie. —RMQ

The Composer's Advocate

By Erich Leinsdorf. Yale University Press. 211 pp., $14.95. 1981.

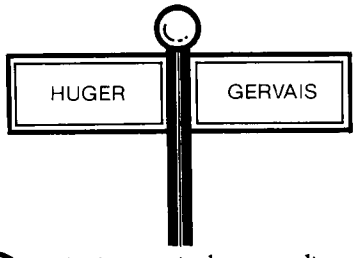
"Many professionals (in music) don't get weaned and stay well into their dotage being breast fed through the ample teats of tapes and discs."

Erich Leinsdorf concludes his account of a lifetime of experience as a conductor of opera and of symphony orchestras all over the world with a statement of conviction that knowledge of the musical score is the only sure path to an understanding of the composer's intentions.

This book will delight lovers of classical music. It takes the reader into the everyday world of the conductor and dispels the mystery of that art, despite pages which will be of interest only to those who read music and are concerned with the technical aspect of conducting. —CSH

Correct Mispronunciations of Some South Carolina Names

By Claude and Irene Neuffer. 182 pp. University of South Carolina Press. $6.95. 1983.



Despite its seemingly contradictory title, this little book is a fascinating collection of Palmetto State place names, people and events. In one sense, it might be described as a generalized genealogy, but it also serves as an entertaining accumulation of South Carolina history, geography, religion, culture, economy and humor. If the book gains the distribution it warrants, it will serve to answer many questions concerning not only the pronunciation but the derivation of hundreds of familiar names.

By the same token, the book undoubtedly will start as many arguments over pronunciations as it settles. Many names cited by the Neuffers are those of modern-day South Carolinians as well as their forebears. As would be expected of any work on pronunciations in South Carolina, the study is replete with references to names brought to the Carolina colony by early French, German, Swiss, Welch, Scottish and English settlers.

The reader need thumb through only a few pages before being confronted with such names as Huger, Legare, Mazyck, Cheves, Boineau and others which are pronounced (or mispronounced) in syllables and accents far removed from the original versions. A very helpful device employed by the authors is that of giving proper—or at least acceptable—pronunications in this vein: YOO-JEE, luh-GREE, muh-ZEEK, CHIV-vis, BOI-NOE and thus through the alphabet.

Needless to say, the book (which might well be termed a hardback booklet) focuses from time to time on Indian names, whether indigenous or otherwise. Citation of several such names provides the thread for weaving word

stories which may or may not agree with historical fact. For example, the explanations as well as the pronunciations of Isaqueena and Cateechee spin an Indian yarn well known to residents of Upcountry South Carolina.

The authors, who have served South Carolina well with previous publications dealing with the names, people, and places of the Palmetto State have rendered an additional service with this latest work, dealing particularly with mispronunciations. (To keep the record straight, they have included the name Neuffer, phonetically spelled NIFE-uh.)

—*WDW*

The Dark Side of Genius: The Life of Alfred Hitchcock

By Donald Spoto.
Little, Brown and Company. $20.00. 1983.

Perhaps the most chilling moment in movie history is at the end of Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Window* when the killer breaks into Jimmy Stewart's apartment and asks, "What do you want of me?" Symbolically, Hitchcock himself was confronting his audience and critics.

It is reminiscent of the mad doctor movie-stage shows which used to tour small towns. For the climax, monsters would run through the audience, violating the sanctuary of the darkened theater. The tranquility of Stewart's passive voyeurism is attacked in the same way. But there is usually a subtext to Hitchcock and the line is a genuine *cri de coeur* suggesting agony behind the image.

Alfred Hitchcock is the most badly imitated director in film history. The plot twist, the use of black comedy and sudden surprise are never as effective in the hands of copycats.

Hitchcock did more than create rollercoaster rides for his audience. His films are loaded with self-revelation, moments of fears the director felt personally. That's why none of his many imitators come close to his achievement.

Donald Spoto, after having given us a complete critical study of the master's work in *The Art of Alfred Hitchcock* now turns to the man's personality, the background that shaped his work and tormented his life.

Written without the family's help, this book goes behind the facade and finds a fat, lonely Cockney boy, cruelly dominated by his mother, who was attracted to film as a way to bring order to his life. The fact that he could lean on the medium to work out his personal problems was secondary and didn't factor until success identified him more and more as the leading suspense director. The power that came with this made his films more personal and neurotic. In *Vertigo, North-by-Northwest* and *Psycho,* we begin to see "the pain and delusions and death, created from the depths of private frustrations and longings, without even the balm of deep friendship."

Hitchcock's personal collapse came soon after with *Marnie* in which he tried to do *Vertigo* in real life with Tippi Hedren.

Spoto takes us back to Hitchcock's school days. Though a Cockney, Hitchcock was able to ape the upper class' manners. We are given a portrait of a genuinely frightened man, out to get even with the world.

Spoto's new material is valuable, but there is something missing. Hitchcock's Catholicism is mostly ignored, surprisingly since Spoto has a Ph.D. in religious literature from Fordham. Hitchcock's limited Jesuit education obviously took, but it just as obviously short-circuited. What went wrong? Spoto's omission is glaring.

Why would a man who attended church faithfully most of his life suddenly stop in the years before his death? At the end, he refused to see a priest and told Ingrid Bergman all priests hated him. Spoto writes this off as just another example of latter-day paranoia, but he still misses a big story somewhere there.

Despite the sensational revelations, particularly his treatment of Vera Miles and Tippi Hedren, a sympathetic portrait emerges of Hitchcock—a man who just wanted to scare us, but who turned out to be as screwed up as Edgar Allan Poe.

—*Norman Stewart*

And Several More Books On The War...

The Confederate Navy in Europe by Warren F. Spencer (268 pp., University of Alabama Press, $19.95) is unique among the new releases. Spencer, a historian at the University of Georgia, shows how the Confederacy tried to build a fleet of warships in Europe, while encouraging Great Britain and France to join the war on the Southern side. Spencer's concluding observation is that France and Britain maintained neutrality much better than most historians have claimed. This is a definitive work on a neglected subject.

Historian James Lee McDonough's ***Shiloh—In Hell Before Night*** (288 pp., University of Tennessee Press, $5) has been described by other historians as the best book ever produced on the decisive 1862 battle of Shiloh. Now *Shiloh* is available in trade paperback from the publisher, along with a later work by McDonough, ***Stone's River —Bloody Winter in Tennessee*** (271 pp. University of Tennessee Press, $7.95). Both books would be worthy additions to any library on the War. McDonough paints action with memorable imagery, often using the words of the soldiers who were there. His study emphasizes the horror, confusion and awful bloodshed of two of the war's most tragic battles.

While all of these works are worthy of attention, the current major event in popular War literature is the publication of ***Brother Against Brother: The War Begins*** by William C. Davis (176 pp., Time-Life Books, $12.95). This is the first volume of a special series on the War by Time-Life Books, which established itself in the 1970's by producing the impressive Time-Life Series on the Old West.

Time-Life will market the Civil War series by subscription (available from Time-Life Books, Chicago, Ill. 60611) and will not place the work in retail bookstores in the near future. ⊠

—*RG*

On The Right Track

W. D. WORKMAN, JR.

Lumps And Laurels

The United States Supreme Court has been getting a curious mixture of lumps and laurels from all quarters for its recent batch of controversial decisions. Absolutely no one was made happy by all of the decisions rendered by the Court, although on the balance the conservative side lost a great deal more than it gained.

However, those of us who hope someday to see a return to excellence in American education can take some satisfaction from the decision handed down on June 29. On that date, the Court decided to uphold the right of Minnesota to give a tax break to the parents of children attending private schools—including religious or parochial schools.

On the matter of private schools, a slender majority of the Supreme Court seems willing to take a sensible approach (except, of course, when the matter of race is involved, as in the Bob Jones case; then all rational thought is abandoned).

The focal point of the Minnesota case involved the granting of some measure of tax relief for the expenses of children attending accredited schools which are also non-public. In specific terms, Minnesota has been granting tax deductions up to $700 for the parents of youngsters enrolled in private schools—even though, as in dozens of other states, the greater proportion of non-public schools are parochial.

The religious issue does not seem to have influenced the thinking of the Supreme Court majority (five-to-four). Rather, they agreed with the premise that Minnesota was acting properly in putting all children through school since the deduction formula also benefits the parents of children in public schools, although their expenses are only a fraction of what is paid for children attending private schools.

Implicit in the Supreme Court's ruling is recognition of the often overlooked fact that when parents send their children to private schools, they are subjecting themselves to what is, in effect, dual taxation. Not only do the costs of private school entail whatever degree of taxation is caught up in tuition and other expenses, but the parents also remain subject to taxation in support of the public school system.

Throughout most of this century, government at various levels has taken upon itself the obligation of providing educational opportunities for its citizens. At the local level, the prime source of school revenues is usually the property tax, levied upon *all* property owners irrespective of whether they are parents of school children. Thus, the average homeowner finds himself saddled annually with an appreciable property tax burden earmarked for education, regardless of whether anyone in that family is attending a public school. If a family decides that private schooling is more to be desired, then whatever costs are involved in that decision rest upon that family in addition to the overall property tax which applies throughout the area to maintain the public school system.

When post-secondary education is considered, however, the situation becomes somewhat more involved.

Virtually everyone acknowledges the role of government (at least at the state level) to support higher education for its citizens, and also to hold down college and university costs to the minimum consistent with sound academic standards. But there are people who fail to understand why a state government should help to defray the costs of higher education in private colleges or universities.

What this latter group overlooks is the fact that, especially in the South, states generally have a large percentage of undergraduates in private educational institutions. If the private college students in any Southern state were suddenly forced to attend public institutions, the tax burden to support merely the additional required physical facilities would be almost astronomical. Thus, it is to the advantage of the state—and of its taxpayers—to underwrite at least some portion of the costs required to maintain private institutions within the state.

It is too early to forecast the end results of the Supreme Court's decision in the Minnesota case. But citizens across the country can take it for granted that the issue will generate lively discussion and possible action from coast to coast.

Meanwhile, we can all rest assured (if assurance is what we wish) that the Reagan administration will seek to capitalize on the decision. In and of itself, the ruling seems certain to generate greater congressional support for the President's continuing advocacy of some measure of tax credit for tuition payments to private schools. Then, even if Congress enacts such permissory legislation with respect to federal taxes, the various states of the Union must decide whether to adopt the Minnesota approach to the problem.

As legislative and administrative leaders wrestle with the issue, they should bear in mind the fact that the taxes which now are earmarked for public education weigh just as heavily upon the parents who have no youngsters in public schools as upon those who do.

Whatever the final outcome, it seems safe at this juncture to predict that a more equitable balance of taxation—and tax relief—will be an early and animated topic of discussion in the state legislatures across the land. The aim to be kept in mind during such discussions is not necessarily *equality* of treatment, but *equity* of treatment. ⊠

NOTES FROM Confederate Memorial Hall

JOHN HURLEY

Jefferson Davis Remembered

When John C. Calhoun, the leading advocate of Southern rights prior to Jefferson Davis, collapsed in the Senate, he was taken across the street to the O'Neal family home, where he subsequently died. The O'Neal home was a large building used as a meeting place for Congress after the British burned the Capitol in the War of 1812.

During the War Between the States Lincoln made the O'Neal home his main detention center. It was then known as the Old Capitol Prison. Rose O'Neal Greenhow, a native Washingtonian and noted Confederate spy, was incarcerated there with her young daughter. Thus we had the irony of an inmate being held in her own girlhood home by Lincoln and his henchmen, without *habeas corpus*, illustrating the absence of constitutional protections during the Lincoln years. The site where the home stood is the present site of the Supreme Court building.

After the assassination of Lincoln, many of the accused, though unconvicted, were held at the Old Capitol Prison. The men were ironed with so-called "stiff-shackles"—handcuffs fixed to a metal bar which held the wrists pinned about fourteen inches apart. These paralyzing manacles prevent independent movement of the hands. The ankles were shackled with iron cuffs connected by a short length of chain. Two of the accused were further burdened by ball and chain. All had stifling and heavy canvas bags tied over their heads which kept them in total darkness.

Jefferson Davis was subjected to similar tortures at Fort Monroe, Virginia. The Commander of the fort, Nelson A. Miles, consigned Davis to a dank, tomb-like cell, had him placed in leg irons, refused him changes of clothes, kept a light ever present to prevent sleep and refused reading material. Miles' sadism was amply rewarded by the authorities. He was promoted to major general and later became senior commander of the U.S. Army.

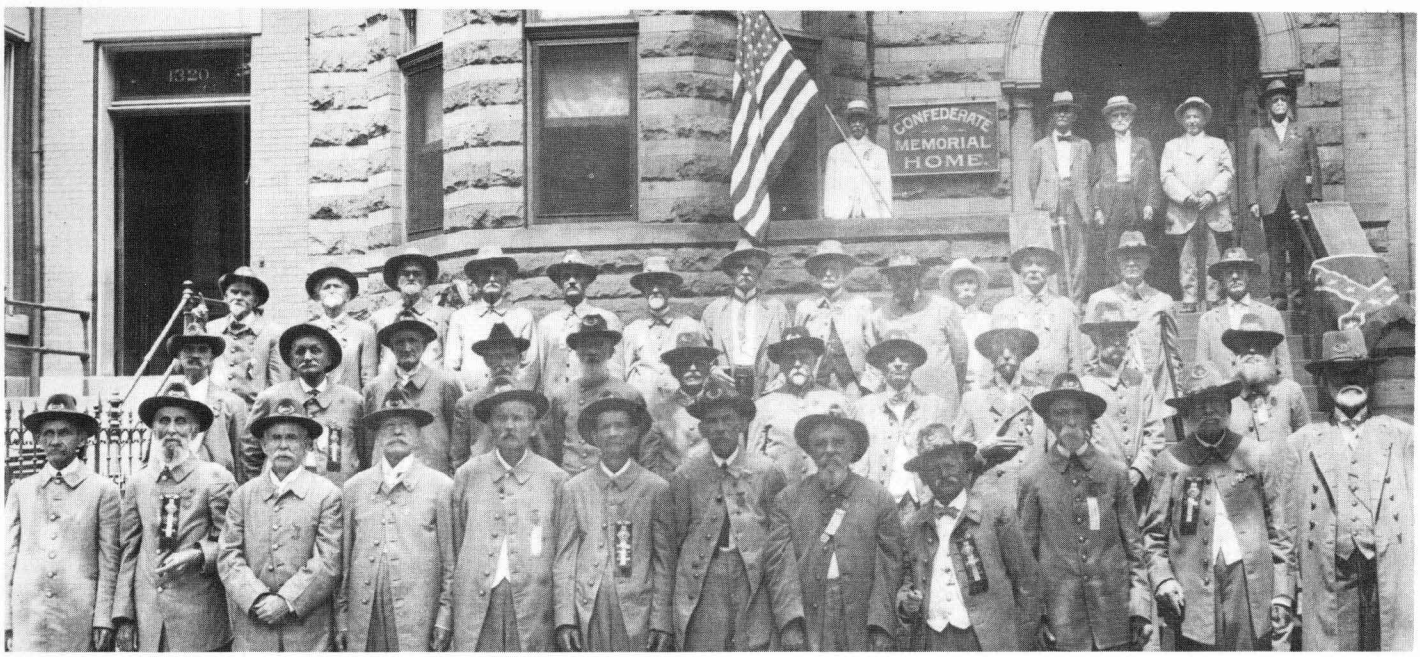
Years later Miles died while attending a circus performance, thus ending the black comedy of his life. He was given a hero's burial at Arlington National Cemetery.

It is interesting to note that Miles married the niece of the notorious General William Tecumseh Sherman, ruthless advocate of total war against civilian populations. Sherman's son, sick of the baleful influence that surrounded him, became a Jesuit priest.

Today, Miles is remembered not at all. Sherman is remembered as the terrorist and rogue that he was.

Davis, on the other hand, we remember as a man who devoted the full measure of his life to the defence of his country and the Constitution.

This past June, on the 175th anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, nearly 500 citizens attended a ceremony at the Confederate Monument. Standing there, with Mrs. Robert Bachman, the grand Dame of the Confederacy (a lady who has worked tirelessly for the Cause for nearly 70 years), we realized that Davis and the soldiers of the Confederacy are more than memories; they represent a heritage that lives in our hearts. ⊠



Soldiers, formerly of the army of the Confederate States of America, gather c. 1908 for a celebration of the birthday of Jefferson Davis at Confederate Memorial Home, now Confederate Memorial Hall in Washington.

The Last Word

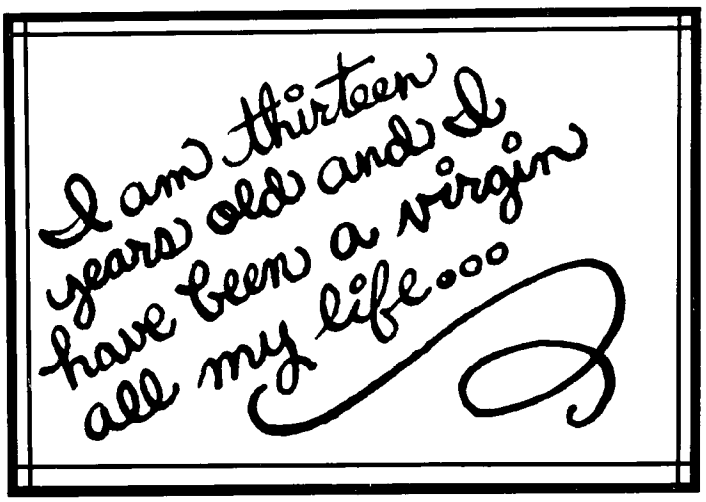
REID BUCKLEY

The Ethics of Abortion Rhetoric

Abortion may turn out to be the great issue of this century. Like slavery, it is a moral issue, and like all moral issues, it fires the passions. I am against that.

Ten years have gone by since the Supreme Court struck down 50 state laws prohibiting abortion in *Roe vs. Wade* and about ten weeks since the Court reaffirmed those findings. The first was an act of contumelious arrogance with no shred of justification in law; the second was a compounding of the first. As ex-Solicitor General Robert Bork said when testifying before the Senate (regarding Bill S.158), "I am convinced, as I think almost all constitutional scholars are, that *Roe vs. Wade* is an unconstitutional decision, a serious and wholly unjustifiable usurpation of state legislative authority."

The Justices hinged their argument on a woman's "right to privacy." Leaving aside that this "right" is an invention (it is nowhere to be found in the Constitution); and leaving aside also one's heartfelt commiseration for thirteen year old girls who have spent *their whole liveslong* in chastity, which nowadays is rather like reaching the age of five without having licked a food stamp or swallowed a carcinogen; adducing it is in any case irrelevant, because it would seem to most of us that a woman who becomes pregnant has surrendered a pretty big hunk of her privacy in the first place . . .



–Opening sentence of "Dear Abby," 7 Feb., 1983

The meretriciousness of *Roe vs. Wade* has infected the debate. For example, I quite understand why those who are conditionally tolerant of abortion do not care to be labeled as *for* abortion—as "pro-abortion"—which brings to mind strangled fetuses contorted in the agonies of their death struggle, tears of pain issuing from their tiny eyes. Oh, that is most unfair. On the other hand, the label abortion enthusiasts (foul!) adopt for themselves, "pro-choice," is a piece of rhetorical usurpation of the high moral ground, because their opponents must naturally be "anti-choice," and that invites images of zealots who would trample under the Bill of Rights. The dialectical terms are fuzzed up, besides. Is "choice" the issue? (The fetus, for one, never gets asked.) The question surely is whether abortion constitutes homicide—whether the fetus is a tiny human being (just as Roo in the marsupial pouch is a tiny Kanga, never mind that he is blind and naked) . . . in which case "choice" is as irrelevant as it is in the cases of suicide and murder.

Equally guilty of insouciance is the anti-abortion movement in adopting the "Right-to-Life" label. Are those who may approve of abortion in cases of rape or incest, or when the mother's life is in jeopardy, *against* life? Are libertarians who uphold a person's *option* to choose abortion inimical to the sanctity of life? They may unintentionally undermine that sanctity, but it goes beyond the bounds of rhetorical propriety to imply in them a Hitlerian contempt for personhood. I mean, just because someone favors permitting a normally brought up thirteen year old who has been neither traumatized nor disadvantaged by arcane moral teachings to have herself an abortion (how do you spell RELIEF?) courtesy of the State (one less mouth to beggar the Social Security system) does not signify that he is likely to be broad-minded about euthanasia for the old, the incurable, the demented, and the rightwing. It is as spurious to aver that holocausts follow from catheters as that alcoholism follows from a Miller time or two.

Above all, a body should exercise the virtue of charity. If I seem to detect in my adversaries the crepitations of their graymatter, it is not necessarily true (their graymatter may be working not at all!) It *isn't* so that every adolescent who discovers in himself doubts about a Supreme Being's existence and a revulsion against narrow dogmas (of whatever Church he happens to have been reared in) is, in the final analysis, when the posturings are done and Nietzsche and Wittgenstein and B. Russell solemnly invoked, desirous of continuing his fornications without guilt. Nor is it fair to allege that those who favor "liberal" abortion laws are motivated by racism (by their horror of all those millions of little black and Hispanic bastards ultimately taking over the Temple down at Mory's), or by contemplating the genetic probabilities for the offspring of parents who are so utterly devoid of wit that in this age of disystemic spermicides and leakproof prophylactics they take no precautions before tumbling into the backseat.

Let us empty the debate of unseemly passion. Let "Right-to-Lifers" call themselves simply anti-abortionists; and let those (murderous) "pro-choicers" call themselves anti the antis. That may be inelegant, but who said dialectical precision is always pretty?

The Salisbury Review

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF CONSERVATIVE THOUGHT

The Salisbury Review is concerned to give clear and forceful expression to conservative thought, in the true tradition of British Toryism. The writing is serious, high-brow and scrupulous. We are sceptical of fashion, and sceptical too of the simplifications and uncertainties of economic theory. In three series of articles we shall be examining contemporary thinkers of the Left, past and present conservative thinkers, and matters of concern which fall outside the normal range of contemporary discussion, such as nature, race, sexuality, death and religion. Each issue also contains major articles of political analysis, together with book reviews and comment. In all this we intend to challenge the pieties of liberalism, as well as the superstitions of socialism. We believe that our endeavour is of the utmost importance in the modern climate of opinion, and that informed readers on both sides of the Atlantic will take an interest in this attempt to display the variety, fertility and catholicity of conservative thinking.

RECENT ARTICLES INCLUDE:–

Important studies of **Eric Voegelin** (by *Ian Crowther*), **George Santayana** (by *Mark Le Fanu*), **Michael Oakeshott** (by *R. A. D. Grant*), and critical analyses of **E. P. Thompson**, **Ronald Dworkin** and **Michel Foucault**; *T. E. Utley* on **Almost the Whole Truth about Ulster**; *Alun Chalfont* on **International Terrorism**; *Roger Scruton* on **Turkey and the West**; *Clive Ashworth* on **Sociology and the Nation**; *John Casey* on **The Politics of Race**; *John Gray* on **The Peace Movement and Moral Inversion**; *Alexander Tomsky* on **The Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia**; *David Martin* on **The Prayer Book Controversy**; *David J. Levy* on **The Real and the Royal**; *Václáv Racek* on **Totalitarianism in 1983**; *C. H. Sisson* on **The Media and the Constitution**; *Harold James* and *Otto von Habsburg* on **The German Elections**; *Ian Crowther* on **Mrs Thatcher's Idea of the Good Society**.

Annual subscription: $19 surface mail, $24 dollars air mail, for four issues, including back numbers if requested. (Three issues have so far been published.)

Please send cheque to *The Salisbury Review*, 7 Lord North Street, London SW1, Great Britain.

Name .....

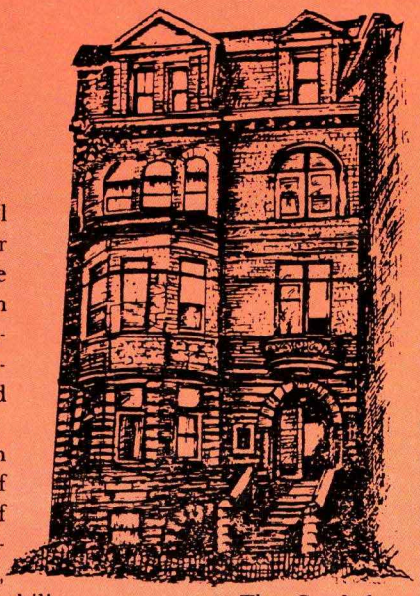
Address .....

.....

.....

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL

Dedicated to the Preservation of Southern Culture



Confederate Memorial Hall was purchased after the War Between the States to house Confederate veterans. When the veterans died, the mansion was converted to a convention hall, museum and library.

Over the years the museum has acquired many artifacts of distinction: oil portraits of Confederate leaders, statuary, rare books and prints, battle flags and other memorabilia.

But primarily the Hall has been used as a cultural center where Southern ladies and gentlemen gather for Dixie Balls, diplomatic and congressional receptions, and lectures and educational programs that preserve and foster the Southern ethos.

As the only shrine to the Confederacy in the nation's capital, Confederate Memorial Hall deserves your support. During the War our forebears fought, under God, for family, country and Constitution. The Confederate Memorial Association continues in this tradition.

JOIN US!

FORTITER IN RE, SUAVITER IN MODO

Confederate Memorial Association
1322 Vermont Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

Gentlemen:

Yes, I support your effort to preserve Southern culture. Enroll me as a $20 active member of the Confederate Memorial Association. (Checks payable to: Confederate Memorial Association, Inc.)

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

Also include me as a Patron of the Hall for my additional contribution of:

☐ $50 ☐ $100 ☐ $250 ☐ $500 ☐ $1000 ☐ _____ Other

My Patron's Certificate, an 8½" x 11" parchment, should be inscribed as follows:

_____

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN
Foundation for American Education
P.O. Box 11708
Columbia, S.C. 29211

Address Correction Requested.
Forwarding and Return Postage
Guaranteed.

NON-PROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
COLUMBIA, S.C. 29201
PERMIT NO. 528